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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

N^o. MCCLIII.



Contents for March 1920.

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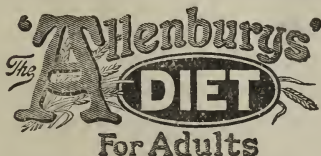
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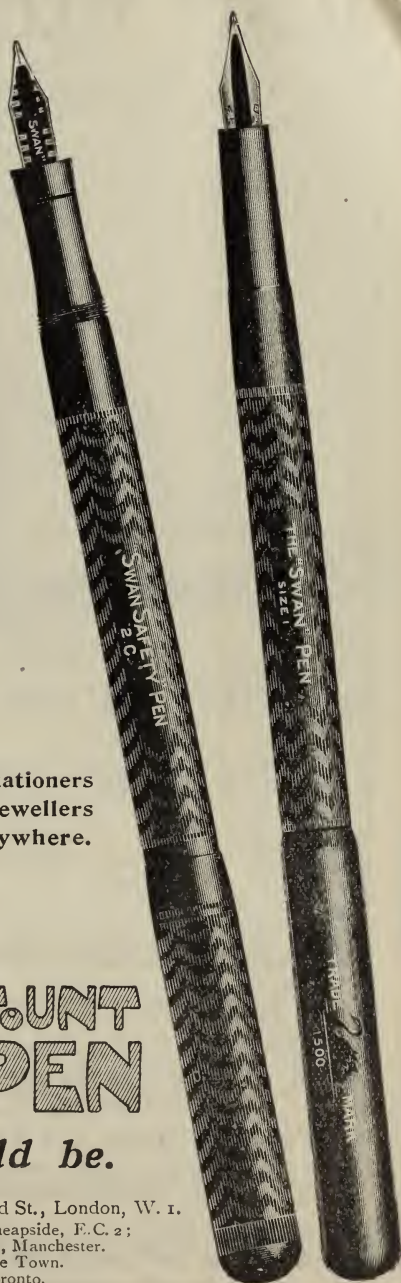
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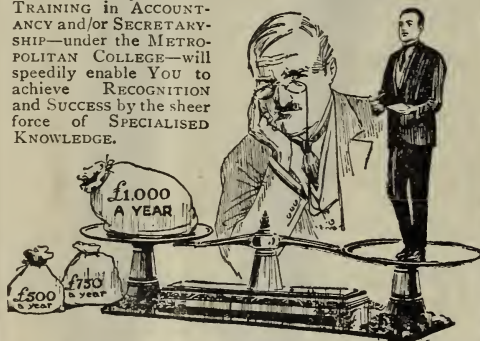
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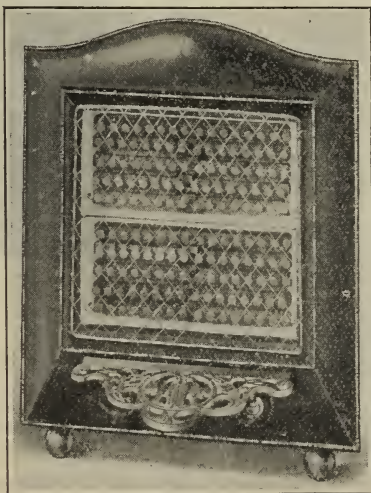
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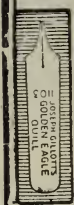
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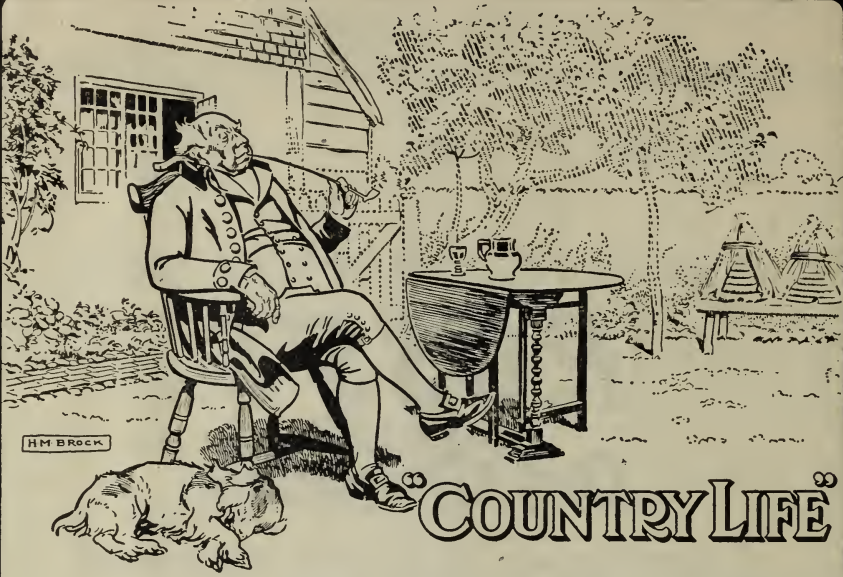
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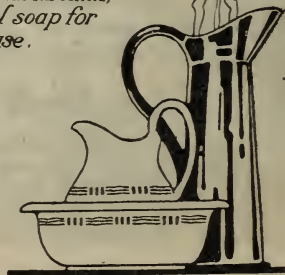
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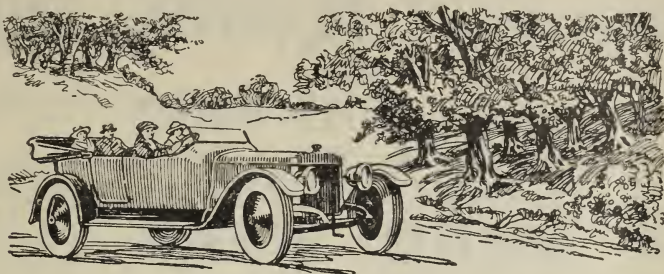
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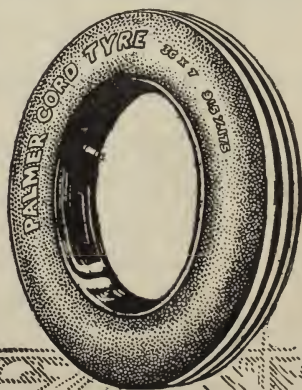
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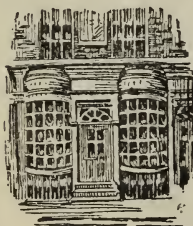
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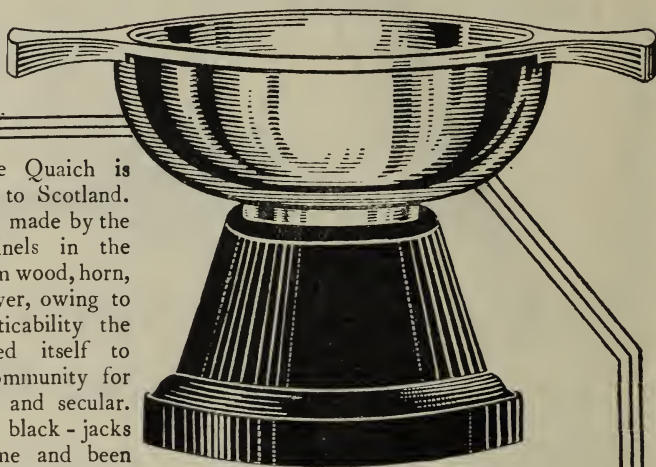
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LIABILITIES.				£	s.	d.
Capital Paid up, viz. :—						
2,869,079 Shares of £12 each, £2, 10s. 0d. paid	...	...	...	7,172,697	10	0
497,855 Fully paid Shares of £2, 10s. 0d. each	...	...	...	1,244,637	10	0
				8,417,335	0	0
Reserve Fund	...	...	...	8,417,335	0	0
Dividend payable on 2nd February 1920	...	...	...	530,292	2	1
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, as below	...	...	...	726,852	6	2
				18,091,814	8	3
Current, Deposit, and other Accounts	...	...	...	371,742,389	0	1
Acceptances on account of Customers	...	...	...	29,014,568	4	5
				£418,848,771	12	9

Dr.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

	£	s.	d.
To Interim Dividend at the rate of 18 per cent per annum, less Income Tax, paid 15th July 1919	522,211	11	4
„ Dividend at the rate of 18 per cent per annum, less Income Tax, payable on 2nd February 1920	530,292	2	1
„ Salaries and Bonus to Staff with H.M. Forces and Bonus to other Members of the Staff	475,202	14	8
„ Special "Peace" Bonus to Staff	250,000	0	0
„ Reserve for Depreciation of War Loans and future Contingencies	1,000,000	0	0
„ Bank Premises Redemption Fund	250,000	0	0
„ Balance carried forward to next account	726,852	6	2
	£3,754,558	14	3

R. MCKENNA, *Chairman.*

W. G. BRADSHAW, A. H. GOSCHEN, *Deputy-Chairmen.*

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies Act 1900, We have examined the above Balance-Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with Cash Balances, Cheques on other Banks *in transitu*, and the Bills of Exchange, and have verified the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and

LONDON, 13th January 1920.

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1836.

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Reserve Fund, - £8,417,335 . 0 . 0

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31st December 1919.

ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
Cash in hand (including Gold Coin £8,000,000) and Cash at Bank of England		60,216,796	0	11
Cheques on other Banks <i>in transitu</i>		8,050,607	8	4
Money at Call and at Short Notice		18,439,151	14	4
Investments:—				
War Loans, under Cost (of which £428,067, 10s. is lodged for Public and other Accounts) and other British Government Securities		64,216,943	4	3
Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government and Indian Railway Debentures		405,383	7	9
British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks		942,274	9	9
Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds		1,011,600	5	2
Sundry Investments		727,227	1	2
Bills of Exchange		52,889,521	6	11
		206,899,504	18	7
Advances on Current and other Accounts		162,966,744	16	0
Advances on War Loans		15,589,303	5	2
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances		29,014,568	4	5
Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches		3,618,960	8	7
Belfast Bank Shares:—				
50,000 £12 10 0 Old Shares £2 10 0 paid				
150,000 £12 10 0 New Shares £2 10 0 paid				
Cost	£1,237,500	0	0	
Less part Premium on Shares issued	477,810	0	0	
		759,690	0	0
		£418,848,771	12	9

for the year ending 31st December 1919.

		Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Balance from last Account			675,097	14	7
„ Net Profits for the year ending 31st December 1919, after providing for all Bad and Doubtful Debts			3,079,460	19	8
			£3,754,558	14	3

F. W. NASH, *Director.*

S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE, J. F. DARLING, *Joint Managing Directors.*

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(Consolidation) Act, 1903, we report as follows:—

the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing required, we are of opinion that such Balance-Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

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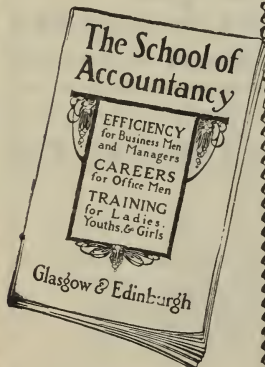
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and remain in doubt about it; and if the British tommy or French poilu had been told that the result of fighting on to victory would be that their freedom to defend themselves and their honour would be, at any rate in part, surrendered into the hands of an international council, the war undoubtedly would not have been won by the Allies. It was because they loved honour and freedom and justice and mercy, and not because they loved each other, that the Allies were ready, at whatever cost, to endure to the end.

Very different, however, was the spirit which animated the English-speaking delegates who forgathered in Paris to settle the terms of peace. Few, if any, of them had had personal experience of fighting on the western front. Fewer still were disposed to allow

the claims of national or imperial sentiment to weigh unduly in the scale. And the reason is not far to seek. The representatives of Great Britain reflected the sense of the Government at Westminster, and the views of the Government on foreign and imperial affairs were frankly and essentially those of the Radical Party. The Conservative members of the Government, who for a decade or more prior to the outbreak of war had been content to limit their imperialistic efforts to pious professions of faith, had during the war surrendered their conservative principles *en bloc*, and had become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for Mr Lloyd George. And by instinct and tradition the Radical Party is frankly anti-imperial and anti-national. "If you look to the history of this country," said Mr Disraeli on the 24th June 1872, "you will find that there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much ability and acumen, as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the Empire." It is only natural that this should be so, for the fundamental doctrine of Radicalism—sincerely and honestly held, and supported, so it is said, by the highest religious teaching—is that every man is his brother's keeper; that all men and women are equal in the sight of God, and should be granted equal privileges as brothers by Christian men; and that the Kaffir, the Hindu, the Ger-

man, and the Turk, are each—though sometimes misguided—the brother of the Englishman, and entitled as such to an equal share in determining the Government by which he is ruled. Obsessed by the importance of the labour movement, whose aims they had once fostered, and whose demands they had habitually conceded; half in sympathy with the principles of Bolshevik philosophy, while decrying the methods of the Soviets; it was only to be expected that the British delegates would repair to the conference table, no doubt to make peace with Germany, but mainly, and with a full heart, to reconstruct the social order of Europe. They did not see that the social disorder was organic, while the trouble with Germany was merely functional; that each required separate treatment; and that to offer combined treatment would remedy neither the one disorder nor the other. The representatives of the Dominions protested, but in vain. They—and Mr Hughes in particular—were given to understand that it was both bad form and bad tactics to take too much upon themselves, and were advised to leave their interests in the hands of those who were wiser, and more experienced in foreign affairs.

The French were amazed and dumfounded, but then the German hordes had once been nearer to Paris than Croydon is to Westminster, and throughout the war were never farther than Brighton is from London.

Again and again they pressed for guarantees which would for the future secure them against German aggression. It was all in vain; and at last, exhausted and dispirited, they were compelled to accept, not what they deemed to be essential for their safety, but only what President Wilson could be induced to demand from Germany.

It was not difficult in these circumstances for President Wilson and his coadjutors to temper the severity of the terms of peace, and to weave into the Treaty the covenant of the League of Nations; for the vision of a world democracy regulated by the spirit of international brotherhood made a natural and special appeal to the sentiment of the British delegates. As to how far President Wilson, in framing the policy in which he so obstinately persisted in Paris, was acting as a good Christian, and how far as a good American, every one is entitled to his own opinion.

It is sufficient to indicate here a few facts which may be found useful in solving the problem. The election of Mr Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States was largely due to the votes of German-Americans, and without their assistance the Democrats can hardly expect to win the election which is imminent. It is equally clear that President Wilson was as ignorant of the political conditions obtaining in Europe, as were the allied statesmen of the American Constitution, and the Presi-

dent's lack of authority to conclude a treaty.

On December 18, 1916, President Wilson "takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are *virtually the same*, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world. Each side desires to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small States as secure against aggression or denial in the future as the rights and privileges of the great and powerful States now at war. Each wishes itself to be made secure in the future, along with all other nations and peoples, against the recurrence of wars like this, and against aggression of selfish interference of any kind. Each would be jealous of the formation of any more rival leagues to preserve an uncertain balance of power amidst multiplying suspicions; but each is ready to consider the formation of a League of Nations to ensure peace and justice throughout the world."

On January 10, 1917, the Belgians replied "that the President seems to believe that the statesmen of the two opposing camps pursue the same objects of war. The example of Belgium unfortunately demonstrates that this is in no wise the fact. Belgium has never, like the Central Powers, aimed at conquests. The barbarous fashion in which the German Government has treated, and is still treating, the Belgian nation,

does not permit the supposition that Germany will preoccupy herself with guaranteeing in the future the rights of the weak nations which she has not ceased to trample under foot since the war, let loose by her, began to desolate Europe."

Further, on December 30, 1918, Mr Secretary Daniels, giving evidence before the Naval Affairs Committee, said, "It is my firm conviction that if the Peace Conference does not result in a general agreement to put an end to naval building on the part of all the nations, then the United States must bend her will and her energies, and must give her men and her money to the task of the creation of incomparably the greatest Navy in the world. She has no designs upon the territory or the trade of any other nation, or group of nations, but she is pledged to support the Monroe doctrine. She is pledged to the protection of the weak, wherever they may suffer threats. If need be she must be incomparably strong in defence against aggressors, and in offence against evil-doers."

At the very time that he was urging the Conference to adopt the limitation of armaments, President Wilson telegraphed to the Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, "his gratitude and congratulations on the Committee's unanimous report on the three years' Naval Programme." Let the matter rest there!

Before, however, we are in

a position fairly to estimate the effect which the League of Nations is likely to have upon Great Britain and her Dominions, it is necessary not only to consider the circumstances under which the Covenant was framed, and the influences which determined the form which it took; we must also study any precedent there may be for a political expedient so pretentious and far reaching, and the fate which befell it.

The political theory of the interdependence of States had its origin far back in the beginnings of civilisation, and in the Amphictyonic Assembly of the Greeks is found an early attempt to give it realisation. But it was not until after the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, which brought to a close the scourge of the Thirty Years' War, that a school of thought, of whom Grotius was the father, set itself the task of thinking out the means of stabilising the inter-relationship of European States. It pursued two lines of policy— (1) to establish rules to which all civilised nations would give their consent and conform in the conduct of war, as set out, *e.g.*, in the Treaty of Paris, 1856, and the later Conventions of Geneva and the Hague; (2) to establish a system which would prevent ruptures occurring *at all*, and compel the disputants to refer their differences to the arbitration of an international tribunal. It was in 1713 that such a system was for the first time developed by l'Abbé de St Pierre in his

"Projet de traité pour rendre la paix perpétuelle." This publication is of special interest, because it contained the substance of both the Holy Alliance (1815) and the covenant of the League of Nations (1919). It was a hundred years, however, before the principles of l'Abbé de St Pierre received the formal recognition of any State, and during the intervening period it lay in abeyance as the dream of a visionary priest. Leibnitz wrote of it at the time: "J'ai vu quelque chose du projet de M. de l'Abbé de St Pierre, pour maintenir une paix perpétuelle en Europe. Je me souviens de la devise d'un cimetière, avec les mots 'pax perpetua'; car les morts ne se battent point; mais les vivants sont d'une autre humeur, et les plus puissants se respectent guère les tribunaux" (Ortolan, Regles. Int. Lit. iii. ch. i.)

When l'Abbé de St Pierre opened his heart on the subject to Cardinal Fleury, the cardinal asked, "Have you sent out missionaries to touch the hearts of princes?" A searching question to which no answer was forthcoming!

It was in September 1815 that the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia adopted the principle of l'Abbé de St Pierre, and made the cause his own. Whether the enthusiasm of the Emperor, a notorious libertine, for the *pax perpetua* was engendered by love of the "projet" or of Madame de Krudener, it would perhaps be indecorous to inquire, but the story of the inception of the Holy

Alliance is so closely akin to that of the Covenant, and so material to our subject, that it would be well if it were better understood. Burke tells us that "people will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors;" but our modern politician is apt to fight shy of history, and usually prefers to leave himself and his audiences in the dark with respect to the lessons of the past.

The power of Napoleon had been finally overthrown, and the labours of the Vienna Congress were substantially finished, when in September 1815 Alexander suddenly approached Prussia, Austria, and Great Britain with his project of universal peace. By Articles I. and II. of a Convention concluded at Paris on the 26th September 1815, the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia declared that—

"I. Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting Monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity, and, considering each other as fellow-countrymen, they will on all occasions and in all places lend each other aid and assistance; and regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect Religion, Peace, and Justice.

"II. In consequence, the sole principle of force, whether between the said Governments or between their subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and of testifying by unalterable goodwill the mutual affection with which they ought to be animated, to consider themselves all as members of one and the same Christian nation; the three allied Princes looking on themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three branches of the one family, namely, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, thus confessing that the Christian world of which they and their people form a part has in reality no other Sovereign than Him to whom alone power really belongs. . . . Their Majesties consequently recommend to their people, with the most tender solicitude, as the sole means of enjoying that peace which arises from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties which the Divine Saviour has taught to mankind."

Armed with the signatures of the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, the Emperor then called upon Lord Castlereagh, the British representative in Paris, unburdened to him his scheme for universal peace, and invited the signature of the King of England to the Convention. Castlereagh was in a position of considerable delicacy. Con-

vinced of the futility of the project, and determined that Great Britain should not be committed to it, it was nevertheless essential that Alexander should be conciliated, for he alone of the Allies possessed an army which was unexhausted, and limitless material resources. In his despatch to Lord Liverpool of the 28th September 1815, Castlereagh informs the Prime Minister of what has taken place. "I have then to acquaint you that although the Emperor of Austria is the ostensible origin, the measure has entirely originated with the Emperor of Russia, whose mind has latterly taken a deeply religious tinge. Since he came to Paris he has passed a part of every evening with a Madame de Krudener, an old fanatic, who has a considerable reputation amongst the few high flyers in religion that are to be found in Paris. . . . As soon as the instrument was executed between the Sovereigns, without the intervention of their Ministers, the Emperor of Russia brought it to me and developed his whole plan of universal peace. The Duke of Wellington happened to be with me when the Emperor called, and it was not without difficulty that we went through the interview with becoming gravity.

"Foreseeing the awkwardness of this piece of sublime mysticism and nonsense, especially to a British Sovereign, I examined with Prince Metternich every practicable expedient to stop it; but the Emperor of Austria, with all his sobriety of

mind, did not venture to risk it. When it reached me the deed was done. . . . The Emperor told me with great delight that there was nothing had given him so much satisfaction as to affix his signature to this bond of peace in, he believed, the most irreligious capital in Europe."¹

The situation was met by the Prince Regent, without signing the Treaty, sending a letter to the Emperor expressing his concurrence with the sentiments set out in the Convention.

On the 20th November 1815 two Treaties were signed in Paris, (1) to which France was a party, settled in a revised form the terms of the peace with France, (2) to which France was not a party, was a treaty of alliance between the Allies to compel the fulfilment by France of the terms imposed upon her. By Article VI. of this treaty it was provided that—"In order to consolidate the intimate tie which unites the four sovereigns for the happiness of the world, the High Contracting Powers have agreed to renew at fixed intervals, either under their own auspices or by their respective Ministers, meetings consecrated to great common objects, and to the examination of such measures as at each one of these epochs shall be judged most salutary for the peace and prosperity of the nations, and for the maintenance of the peace of Europe."

There is a curious family likeness between this Article and the second paragraph of Article XI. of the Covenant of the League of Nations, whereby it is "declared to be the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace, or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends."

Most of the Sovereigns of Europe became parties to the Holy Alliance, the exceptions being the Sultan of Turkey, the King of England, who was an imbecile, and Pope Pius VII., who certainly was not!

The political situation in 1815 and 1919 was strikingly similar. In the one case France, in the other Germany, had been fought to a standstill. Of the Allies who had borne the burden of the war, none except Great Britain were in a position to make their influence felt at the Conference, and although Great Britain had freed herself in 1814 from her second American War, she too had been sorely tried in the long encounter; with the result that at each conference the commanding position was held by an Ally who had come late into the conflict (Russia in 1812, the United States in 1917), and still possessed overwhelming resources in personnel and material. Nay, more, at each conference the policy

¹ Wellington Supp. Des., vol. ii. p. 175.

of the all-powerful Ally was dictated not by a Minister, but by the head of the State himself, with all the special authority with which his high office invested his pronouncements. And in the political outlook of these august personages there was a strange resemblance. Both of them were highly sensitive to religious influences, which inspired their utterances and coloured their vision. But in moulding their schemes Alexander was ever mindful of the peace of Tilsit, and Wilson of the doctrine of Monroe. Both essayed to make men regard each other as brothers, by making them agree to act in unison, but in all their works neither forgot his country's interest—nor his own. Each claimed to be the apostle of peace; each was held to be a lover of his own country.

But Castlereagh, Metternich, and Talleyrand, who, with Alexander, made up the "Big Four" of 1815, were men of very different calibre to the coadjutors of President Wilson. Fortunately for Great Britain and the world, Castlereagh possessed sound sense, and obstinate courage in a degree seldom, if ever, equalled in a foreign minister. He was under no illusion as to the dangers to Great Britain underlying the provisions of the Holy Alliance and Article VI. of the Treaty of 20th November 1815.

The provisions of the Treaty were no doubt primarily aimed at France; but might not some action of Great Britain or any other State come under examination by the Allied Powers, and ought Great

Britain to assent *a priori* to any measures taken with respect thereto, which, in the opinion of the Allied Powers, would be "salutary to the Peace of Europe"? Could Great Britain so far surrender its independence and remain a Sovereign Power? And was it, after all, so certain that the examination would be an impartial one, or that the international tribunal would act judicially? Again, would the interests of the Allies always be identical? And if not, would the several States be prepared to act against their individual interests where those clashed with the interests of the Alliance as a whole, or would cabals with diverse interests be formed within the Alliance, each pressing forward the policy most advantageous to itself; and, in that event, what other State in Europe would be likely to promote the interests of Great Britain?

These were weighty matters, the consideration of which drove Castlereagh to the only possible conclusion that, having regard to her commitments and position, such an alliance would not only engender bitterness and embarrassment, but would threaten the very existence of Great Britain as a Sovereign Power.

In October 1818, at a further Conference held at Aix-la-Chapelle to decide whether France should be admitted into the family of Allied Powers, the principles of the Holy Alliance again came under consideration, and a memorandum was issued by

each of the Allied States on the subject. Alexander, still obstinate and powerful, must needs be humoured; but his designs were countered by a process of "confession and avoidance," and in framing the British memorandum Castlereagh sounded the death-knell of the Emperor's fetish.

"The benign principles of the Alliance of the 26th September 1815 may be considered as constituting the European system in matter of political conscience. It would, however, be derogatory to this solemn act of the Sovereigns to mix its discussion with the ordinary diplomatic obligations which bind State to State, and which are to be looked for alone in the treaties which have been concluded in the accustomed form."

How different would the political position have been to-day if Castlereagh, and not Lloyd George, had represented Great Britain at Versailles!

The result proved that Castlereagh's fears and prognostications were abundantly justified. No sooner had it come into being than its "proper vice" began to work the dissolution of the Alliance. Its arrogant assumption of authority became unbearable.

"Whether a continent claimed its independence, or a German schoolboy wore a forbidden ribbon in his cap, the Chiefs of the Holy Alliance now assumed the frown of offended Providence, and prepared to interpose their superior power and wisdom to save a misguided

world from the consequences of its own folly."¹

Regarding the establishment of legitimate dynasties as a panacea for all social and political evils, it determined to suppress any attempt wherever it might arise to promote popular Government. In 1819 it interfered with Prussia, and by the Carlsbad decrees, notwithstanding the protest of Great Britain and Prussia, put down a nationalist movement there. In 1820 and 1821, after conferences at Troppau and Laibach, the Alliance interfered to put down revolutionary outbreaks in Naples and elsewhere. But by this time the members of the Holy Alliance had already become split up into opposing camps. On March 20, 1820, Lord Stewart, the British Ambassador at Vienna, reported that "a triple understanding—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—has been created, which binds the parties to carry forward their own views, in spite of any difference of opinion which may exist between them and the two great Constitutional Powers (England and France)."

But even the Entente between Great Britain and France proved to be merely ephemeral! Supported by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, France in 1822 determined by force of arms to put down the popular movement in Spain, and to reinstate Ferdinand VII. on the throne. Great Britain definitely refused to support or sanction any such action, and in substance

¹ Fyffe, *Hist. of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 171.

withdrew from the Alliance. Canning wrote on January 3, 1823: "So things are getting back to a wholesome state again. Every nation for itself, and God for us all. The time for the Areopagus, and the like of that, is gone by."

One further incident of supreme importance, and the story of the Holy Alliance is told. Not content with supporting "legitimacy" in Spain, the Allied Powers, other than Great Britain, were seriously considering at this time of interfering to compel the Spanish American colonies, who had declared their independence, to return to their allegiance. This step also was vigorously opposed by Great Britain, mainly on the ground that, if it were to be successful, English trade with these colonies would be gravely injured. She appealed to the United States to join in the protest which she was making. Rush, the American Minister in London, wrote to Adams, Secretary of State: "As soon as the French succeeded in their military movements against Spain . . . should I be asked by Mr Canning whether, in case the recognition of the Colonies be made by Great Britain without further delay, I, on my part, am prepared to make a declaration, in the name of my Government, that it will not remain inactive under an attack upon the independence of those States by the Holy Alliance, the present determination of my judgment is

that I will make such a declaration explicitly, and avow it before the world."¹

The United States supported the view taken by Rush. President Monroe expressed himself as being against "entangling ourselves in the broils of Europe, or suffering the Powers of the Old World to interfere with the affairs of the New. Any attempt to extend their system (Holy Alliance) to any portion of this hemisphere would be dangerous to our peace and safety."

The combined protest proved successful. No further step was taken in the matter by the Alliance, and on December 2, 1823, the Monroe doctrine was proclaimed to the world.

It is this ill-starred attempt to substitute the spirit of international brotherhood for national sentiment that provided both the precedent and the model for the League of Nations. Begotten by religious fanaticism out of mutual distrust, it survived only long enough to prove its own futility.

What reasonable ground is there for expecting a second attempt upon similar lines to prove more successful or less dangerous to Great Britain to-day? Wherein lies the difference between the two experiments? Are they not in substance indistinguishable? True it is that in 1815 it was believed that the goal of international goodwill would be reached by supporting legitimacy and suppressing nationalism, whereas to-day the

¹ Rush, Resident at the Court of London, vol. ii. p. 32.

path chosen is self-determination and the overthrow of dynasties. But is the second method more likely to prove the true specific than the first? Is not the period in which racial animosities and national sentiment have been stirred, as perhaps never before, a strange one in which to invite nations to surrender to the League their Sovereign power? Is that good soil in which to sow the seed of universal brotherhood? Could a satisfactory answer be given to-day to the question put by Cardinal Fleury to l'Abbé de St Pierre? President Wilson has himself exposed the futility of his "sublime" proposals. On January 22, 1917, in an address to the Senate, he stated that the assurances of the belligerents "imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say this. I beg that I may be permitted to put my own interpretation upon it, and that it may be understood that no other interpretation was in my thought. I am seeking only to face realities, and to face them without soft concealments. Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser—a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. *It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand.*" Out of his own mouth let him be judged!

Is it possible that any attempt whatever would be

made in the Council or in the Assembly to subordinate national to international interests? The United States, no doubt, will see that the Covenant is made "safe for" America, but will it be equally "safe" for the British Empire? Unless all the Great Powers of the world sign the Covenant, the League of Nations will never come into existence; but if the Central Powers are admitted as members, can any sane man doubt that the controlling influence in the deliberations of the League will belong to Germany, and those members whose policy she controls? For Germany is on the inside, Great Britain on the outside, of European affairs. Great Britain found no member of the Holy Alliance prepared consistently to promote her interests or to support her policy. Is it probable that the British Empire will be more favourably placed as a member of the League of Nations? Does not the study of history, and of human nature, teach us to beware lest the League of Nations grow into a League against the British Empire?

But it is asserted that the Holy Alliance failed because it intervened in the domestic concerns of its members, and that by Article XV. of the Covenant, disputes within the domestic jurisdiction of a member are excluded from the purview of the League. Both a particular and a general answer can be given to such an assertion. Is it clear what are domestic disputes? Is it

certain that disputes which arise between Great Britain and her self-governing Dominions, or India, *each of whom is a member of the League*, are merely domestic? And is it not easy to conceive of circumstances arising, *e.g.*, in Ireland or in India, "affecting international relations, which might threaten to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends"? The Senate has reserved to Congress the right to decide what is within the domestic jurisdiction of the United States. Can the British Empire afford to leave the matter in the hands of the Council of the League?

But we refuse to form an estimate of the effect of the Covenant merely from a scrutiny of provisions which are capable of amendment. The League of Nations and the Holy Alliance alike should be adjudged good or evil in so far as the fundamental principles upon which they are based are deemed to be salutary or dangerous to the wellbeing of the members. The Holy Alliance failed, not because it intervened in the domestic affairs of its members, but because its essential principles ran counter to the well-known facts of human nature. Its founders provided a system under which men of goodwill might for ever settle their disputes in amity, but they forgot that no scheme of social reform can be of any avail unless it is preceded by the spiritual conversion of those who live under it. The

truth is that human nature is found to-day to be much the same as it has always been. This is a fact which may be deplored, but it is one which—at any rate in political matters—can neither be gainsaid nor left out of account. The Americans have no illusions about the matter. They do not live by faith alone. They are of opinion that facts also are sometimes worth taking into consideration. They are not prepared to sacrifice the Monroe doctrine, or to accept any mandate, or to enter into any conflict, or to curtail their power to defend their country or their honour, or in any other way to limit their sovereignty, except by resolution, and with the consent, of Congress.

But whether the United States becomes a member of the League or not, the position of the British Empire within it would in either event be equally dangerous. Mr Balfour expressed the view on November 11, 1919, that "if one of us begins to make reservations, I confess that I think the future of the League of Nations is dark indeed." Can the British Empire afford to permit the United States to assist in settling its policy and its armaments, while the discretion of the United States in respect of such matters is to be untrammelled and sacrosanct? On February 14, 1919, President Wilson stated in Paris that "the League will now settle all questions of naval policy, so it might be said that 'there ain't no such

thing' as an issue of the freedom of the seas." With her far-flung territories and trade routes, is it conceivable that the British Empire will ever permit the Council of the League under Article VIII. to determine the limit which is to be put upon her naval programmes and her armaments? She cannot do so and remain an Empire.

But it is not only in respect of the manner in which it affects the relations of Great Britain with other nations that the League of Nations is big with peril for the British Empire; for the admission of Great Britain and her Dominions into the League will tend to sow discord within the Empire itself. Independent as the constituent parts of the Empire are with respect to their domestic concerns, hitherto the Dominions have turned to Great Britain for guidance as the supreme authority in all the "common affairs" of the Empire. As individual members of the League, is not there a real danger that in the future the Dominions and India may grow to regard Geneva rather than London as the most suitable city in which to ventilate their grievances? Is not the Covenant of the League of Nations the very antithesis of the unwritten law of the League of Empire? And will not this *vue générale* be accentuated by the knowledge that it is the Council of the League, and not the British Government, which in the future will decide the measures which are to be taken to safeguard its trade and to protect its

territories? And the subtle process of disintegration will rapidly develop the more apparent it becomes that Great Britain has transferred her influence and surrendered her independence to the Council of the League. Those that are wise will ponder these things; and may all British men and women be given insight to view in their true perspective the "fundamentals" of the League.

Lord Castlereagh, on the 5th May 1820, expressed the opinion that "England must act, not by the laws other Powers may think fit to lay down . . . but from those maxims which a system of Government, strongly popular and national, has irresistibly imposed upon us." His advice is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago, and should be followed not only in Great Britain, but in each and every one of the King's Dominions. A League of Nations and a League of Empire are mutually exclusive. It is not possible to owe allegiance to the King, and also to the League of Nations, any more than a man can at the same time serve God and Mammon. The choice must be made, and now is the appointed time. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" God grant that the British empire will rest true to itself, and choose aright! Then, and then only, will it stand foursquare to all the winds that blow; and in saving itself, it will also provide the only sure guarantee of peace, and bring light and hope into a troubled world.

ARTHUR PAGE.

THE ODYSSEY OF BRIG X.

BY FRANK H. SHAW.

FITTING out and commissioning Brig X was a lengthy task, and a happy one. She was the very Cinderella of the brigs: tiny as to size, but a witch to sail and manœuvre; insufficiently armed to cope with such adventures as we hoped might come our way, and judging by her run of ill-fortune at the outset of her career, launched on a Friday, and possibly the 13th of the month. Picture to yourself an Italian coasting brig of less than a hundred tons register, a very W. W. Jacobs' vessel, no bigger than a river barge, dirty to a degree inconceivable as to her decks, cramped as to accommodation; she carried a total crew of thirty-five officers and men, yet lying saucily on the water and presenting an appearance of the utmost innocence. Anything less like a British warship could not be conceived. But officially she was H.M.S.—no, best not to give her name even to-day, for she still exists, reconditioned and returned to her original owners, under whose wise guidance she now pursues her pre-war avocation, and trundles serenely along that picturesque Italian coast, bearing onions and raw wine, occasional cattle perhaps, salt fish, and the like, from port to port. And I have

no desire to reveal her identity to possible German avengers, who might scuttle her or fire her and thus endeavour to get a little bit of their own back.

When our Reserve Commander secured her she was laid up in ordinary in a Sicilian port. Running her as a merchantman was too risky a venture, for enemy submarines were paying much close and vicious attention to the Italian coasting trade at this juncture: they burnt, sank, and destroyed without reason, savagely. It may be that they found our anti-submarine measures too drastic: about this time our steam patrols were securing a useful bag; and small sailing-craft presented an easy mark for their attentions. To report that the Italian ship So-and-so had been destroyed with all her cargo would be good reading for the German public, who would not pause to inquire whether the Italian ship So-and-so was a thirty-thousand-ton liner or a nine-eight-ton onion freighter. Be that as it may, the Italian sailing coasters were temporarily paralysed about this date, and it was this fact which encouraged our Reserve-gold-miner-beach-master leader to establish the "Q" boat service as it was established.¹

Brig X was bought from her

¹ Sailing "Q" boats, as employed in the Mediterranean, had their genesis in the fertile brain of a Naval Reserve Commander, who in his time had played many parts, from commanding a steamer at the age of twenty-four to managing an African gold mine and serving as beach-master during the Gallipoli affair.

owners by arrangement with the Italian Government, and towed to a naval base. She slipped into port without advertisement, and as she passed up between great battleships, speedy-looking Japanese cruisers, British destroyers and sloops, and the multitude of war-vessels that the base swarmed with, she looked draggled and slatternly, ludicrously trivial. But her record of action compares favourably with that of most of the bigger ships of the Royal Navy; and she has known closer fighting than ninety-nine per cent of genuine fighting ships have known during the war.

Naturally enough, secrecy was aimed at in her reconstruction, for the base was rumoured to be alive with spies. Even more than in the case of steam "Q's" was it necessary to hide her real purpose: everything depended on her successful camouflage—not only her own potential success, but also the success and indeed the continued existence of such as should follow in her train. So she was berthed in a remote backwater, amongst dingy trawlers refitting, amongst timber-barges and floating logs, where the water was foul with refuse; and here her transmutation began. From a coaster she became a man-of-war, but much was required between whiles.

Guns were to be her principal weapons, of course, and for obvious reasons. Her lack of speed rather mitigated against the use of depth-charges with an effective

radius of many fathoms; if she sailed leisurely along and dropped one of these useful "eggs," she ran as much risk almost as if she had struck a mine. To have her own stern blown off with her own explosives was too tragic a fate; and the depth-charge thrower, which later came into common use—an implement by means of which 300 lb. of T.N.T. could be hurled some eighty yards' distance—was as yet far from perfection. So guns were fitted aboard her. A certain naval Engineer-Lieutenant-Commander—let his name be exalted!—a man of peaceful habits, and much addicted to art and music and the beauty of scenery—evolved cunning mountings for the 12-pounders which formed our principal armament. He had not the resources of a home dockyard to draw on: Brig X was a ship full of improvisations, but he created a disappearing mounting that left absolutely nothing to be desired. On one occasion, when in action, these guns were brought up, fired, and secured hits on an enemy submarine within five seconds from the order to open fire being given. Not bad work! And, unlike bigger and more scientifically equipped guns, they never once let us down through any fault in their mountings. As will be told in its proper place.

They were not at all bad guns: 12-pounder 12 cwt. Q.F. ordnance is their official designation. Their principal

fault was that they were too small to oppose against German 4.1's, such as we knew enemy submarines to carry; but as it was our intention to reserve our fire until a small gun would do as much damage as a large one, this fact did not unduly trouble us. Also, we intended to fire them at least three times as rapidly as the enemy did his armament; and the total weight of metal hurled from their muzzles promised to compare favourably with the weight of metal hurled at us. And anyhow we were a small ship, and in consequence only entitled to carry small guns by the law of the Navy.

Their hiding was necessarily complete. But even a 12-pounder cannot be entirely hidden away in a ship of Brig X's size—far less two. Still, the best possible was done. The fore-hatch was utilised as the position for one gun; the after 12-pounder was screened by a dummy cabin which fell bodily away on the signal being given, and permitted the weapon to arise from its concealment, like Aphrodite arising from the sea. By means of balance-weights on long arms equipoise was secured; and when not required the guns folded down quite neatly below decks, leaving only their chases visible above. No, there was nothing at all the matter with Brig X's guns.

Structurally the ship was left unaltered in the main, save that bits of strengthening

plates were fitted, to save the beams from suffering an undue strain on the guns' discharge. With the exception of the dummy cabin aft, that is. And even that fraudulent construction differed but little from a smaller cabin that had been previously in existence. A 60-horse-power oil-engine was added, however, and a propeller was fitted; additional storage for water was installed; and the cargo-holds were refurbished into the shadowy likeness of a man-of-war's lower-deck accommodation. There was not an inch of space wasted, as can be imagined: to stow thirty-five people away was one of the biggest of many problems. Needless to say, such laws as insist on every man being provided with so many cubic feet of air-space were totally ignored. And in addition to the people were naval stores of the usual proportions. Brig X having become a man-of-war, must necessarily draw stores to correspond; and a mass of more or less useful clutter was passed aboard. As we realised our limitations later many of these stores disappeared, how, I will not say, except that the report of having been in action covers a multitude of shortages. The official mind works slowly, and mystery ships were even then as mysterious to naval store officers as they were to the Huns, and perhaps more so. Being essentially fighting ships, they were unprovided with surgeons: being sailing-ships and dependent in the main on wind and weather,

liable to remain in open water for prolonged periods—for we never went to port save to replenish our water and provisions—they came into the same category as destroyers, which can nip into port in a hurry and land sick and wounded before they are in *extremis*; and so Brig X was insufficiently equipped with medical and surgical appliances, and all the remonstrances of our far-seeing Commander were treated with contempt. We were officially a destroyer: a destroyer's equipment must suffice. Whereas guard-ships, eternally at anchor, within a stone's-throw of land and hospitals and unlimited medical supplies, were naturally fitted out with numerous surgeons, sick-bays, and medicines enough to treat a nation!

Yes, we were crowded and cramped in all conscience. When the forward 12-pounder was down and housed, it meant much wriggling and many contortions before access to chain and paint-lockers, magazines, and armourer's shop could be obtained. When, later, we were fitted with a howitzer for heaving depth-charges, only very thin men could navigate themselves into the comic little ward-room, which measured four feet by six by five and a half. There were only two cabins: one for the C.O. and one for the First Lieutenant; both gave directly on the mess-deck, and were the size of rabbit-hutches. They were not rose-gardens by any means, for the bilge-water used to

leap up through the floors when the ship rolled, as she generally did, and Mediterranean weather is usually warm. But those stifling quarters were happy quarters; and if lower-deck language did sometimes surge in blasting waves through the thin plank-ing that divided our sacred ward-room from the outer world, we got used to it after a while.

Remonstrated with, the users of the expletives seemed surprised. They were not conscious of having used bad language! Navy Jack is much of a child in many ways: he is not consciously foul-tongued.

All available crannies were filled with instruments of death. We were, indeed, a very arsenal of weapons and explosives: it is doubtful if so many modern appliances for slaughtering humanity were ever crowded into so small a space before or since. Remember, Brig X was seventy-five feet long, no more, with a beam of perhaps fourteen feet and a draught of nine.

Brig X's sails, when she towed into port, were in a shocking condition—literally in rags, by reason of her long lie-up in that Sicilian harbour. New sails were necessary, and they were made by naval sail-makers. Now, naval canvas and the canvas used by Italian sailing-ships are different. They are very different materials, differing vastly in width and quality. When we bent our new suit of sails they fitted beautifully: we set them experimentally; but they did not look the kind of

sails we ought to be carrying as a dishevelled trader. And even at a thousand yards their difference was apparent—ay, to keen eyes, such as we credited German submarine commanders with, at two thousand yards! The sail-makers failed to understand our dissatisfaction.

"They're good sails, and they fit like gloves," said the foreman. "And we're rather proud of them, because they don't use sails much in the Navy nowadays, and my men aren't used to the work."

Being Navigator, in charge of sails and rigging and such small matters, I pointed out the more glaring errors.

"Oh, that's cutting it too fine," he replied. "Who's going to trouble his head about the width of the cloths?"

"We are," he was told. "We're going to sea in the ship, and we're taking no chances." And back the sails went. Lord! the correspondence that resulted and the indignation in high quarters! but they were altered by being middle-stitched down each cloth, and behold, they showed, at a next fitting, as Italian-like as heart could wish.

The only alteration made above decks was one that had to be made. It was rather obvious, but we had to trust to luck in that respect. It was found that the long main boom got in the way of the after-gun when it was raised, and prevented its firing; consequently the boom was lifted high above the after-house as no Italian coasting brig's boom ever was

lifted. We found, too, that our rigging got in the way of the guns; but nothing could be done to remedy that. When the testing time came we blew the rigging away and so secured a wider field of fire.

Converting a coasting merchantman into a useful fighting ship was not a light task; but to convert a modern crew of naval ratings, brought up all their days amongst steam, electricity, and hydraulic gadgets, into an efficient wind-jammer's crowd, promised to be still more difficult. This training devolved entirely on the officers. We were really the only people aboard who had had experience in sail: by reason of our long-ago apprenticeship. It was a *sine qua non* that, to be qualified as a sailing "Q" officer, said officer must have served in sail. *Per contra*, we had stokers amongst our deck-hands!

In the main the crew were ordinary naval ratings: men drawn from big ships and steam "Q's," volunteers to a man, and recipients of some small extra pay to compensate them for the risks they ran. These risks were greater than those run even by the crews of steam "Q's": we were all more or less commissioned pirates, masquerading under a false flag, although our programme was to exhibit the White Ensign on opening fire; but in addition we were powerless to make our escape by speed, in the event of our plans failing in execution, and so stood a remarkably good chance of

falling victims to enemy hatred. It has been definitely proved that German submarine crews did mete out scant mercy to the people of such "Q" boats as fell into their hands. The additional shilling or so a day paid to the crew was by way of compensation for the added risk.

True, we had a very thin sprinkling of men who had had some small experience in sailing-craft; but these were not numerous, and the majority of such had been so long in steam that they had forgotten most of what they had ever learnt. Later brigs were more fortunate: Brig X started her career with an utterly untrained crew.

Every last little detail had to be explained with the utmost patience, and repeated afresh not once but many times, in order to bring about a state of such efficiency as we required. Raw material that had never been trained at sea at all might have learnt more readily: our men had a great deal to unlearn before starting to assimilate knowledge. But once they understood that a sailing brig differed in many respects from a Dreadnought, they picked up quickly, and we felt sufficiently satisfied to compliment ourselves on the result.

In a sailing-ship personal initiative and extreme handiness are demanded as a matter of course on the part of the hands. In a big warship such qualities are apt to fall into the background, where so much concerted effort is called for.

Once at sea and embarked upon our great adventure, it would be necessary to keep as few men on deck as possible, for such a craft as we pretended to be would carry a total crew of not more than eight men, or four in a watch; and we, also, intended to carry a similar number on deck, and never more, save at night, because we knew very well that a periscope might pop up quite closely alongside, and that unseen eyes might scrutinise our decks for signs of ulterior motives at any time, without our having an opportunity to destroy the U-boat belonging to the periscope, or to bundle extra hands below out of sight. So the hands were divided into three watches, each comprising four men and a leading seaman or petty officer; and the rest were held as auxiliaries, to be called on in emergency or at night, but never to show themselves above the rails in daylight.

Knowing the possibility of casualties, however, all actual deck-ratings were trained to handle the yards and sails, and perform such sailorising work as would be necessary. Splicing, knotting, and such matters were understood well enough by the men; but steering a sailing-ship was not understood by many; and there was excuse, I suppose, for the smart A.B. who, going to the wheel during the training period, and being informed by the man he relieved that the ship was steering "by the wind"—which means, for the

benefit of laymen, so close to the wind that the topgallant-sail was just lifting slightly—replied—

“Hi, mate, just tell us what that is in degrees!”

He had always steered to a degree on the compass-card, and it was then beyond his comprehension that a ship could be steered otherwise. Still, he got the hang of it quickly enough.

Even we sail-trained officers were not above learning: our knowledge was rusty, and a tiny brigantine differs in many essentials from a steel sailing-ship of 2000 tons or so. In imparting knowledge we learnt much.

A——, our C.O., had been captain of a steamer trading up and down an Eastern river, where an ability to keep clear of shifting sand-banks was deemed of more value than the correct way to “goosewing” a tattered lower topsail, and where diplomacy to settle quarrels between Burmese market-women was of greater worth than the turning in of a lanyard; W——, our Number One, had been first mate of a famous sailing-ship, and boatswain of a notorious Yankee clipper before that; but many years had gone by since those days, and the intervening years had been spent in tramp steamers, tallying cargo and painting ironwork in the main. As for myself, I had been false to the sea, save as a passenger, for many a year, with the exception of some

months in a steam “Q”; but the wonder of it all was that, within a day of taking the job in hand, all old learning came back with a rush, forgotten commands tripped unfalteringly from the tongue, ancient expedients were remembered, and one acquired the position of an oracle at once.

The day of departure arrived; but as we went on deck—we had settled aboard overnight, spite of the paucity of accommodation—we felt a decided sinking feeling. Stores were everywhere—tons and uncounted tons of them.

To look at us as we showed on deck must have saddened any man who prided himself on the smartness of the Royal Navy. We looked a cross between a strikers’ picnic and Petticoat Lane after an air-raid. As we flaunted the Italian flag at the mainmast head, we had rather gone in for an Italian type of dress: gaudily-striped shirts, broad-brimmed straw hats, fanciful cummerbunds, and sennet shoes were common; and already most of us boasted a prickly and everlastingly irritable growth of hair on lip and chin and cheek. Every one smoked. The helmsman had a “fag” pendent from his lips; the C.O., sitting astride the main boom in order to see past the high-sheering bow, smoked and shouted ejaculations in Scoto-Spanish, which was fondly supposed to be pure Italian. So we zigzagged to the buoy and made fast, and a dapper two-and-a-half-striper, R.N., dashed alongside in an obvi-

ously Navy gig, and scrambled aboard.

"Never saw such a perishing gang of cut-throats in my life," was his comment. We accepted it as a compliment, and waded about amongst loose stores and dirt as happy as lords. But the visitor's admiration turned to sheer blasphemy as he wakened to the reality of what certain irregular masses of iron had done to our compasses.

"I'll be lucky if I straighten them up to within eight points or so," he said. "Sooner adjust a battleship's with turrets in echelon. You'll have a few minor deviations by here and there."

And we had; the gods know we had. Speaking as a Navigator, we never ran short of glaring deviations; but we averaged the changes for the past several days, and contrived by this means to get somewhere near a correct result. Anyhow, who looks for extra-masterish navigation in a wind-jammer?

If you wish for a pen-picture of Brig X as she now appeared, reputedly in sea-going trim, I will attempt one, though, I fear, with poor success. The brig was essentially Jacobean in so far as externals went. Ginger Dick and Sam and all those other unforgotten worthies must have warmed to her had they seen her. Our cook had evidently been a student of the humorist in his day, for he *was* a Jacobs' character no less. He leaned over the half-door of the galley, smoking half an inch

of sooty clay, and passed remarks to the people about that kept the ship in an uproar. We never lacked humour during the entire commission, and most of it was involuntary.

The major part of the after-deck was occupied by the gunhouse-cabin structure; the engine-exhaust filled the remaining after-space, save where the gluttonous carpenter—naval shipwrights are taught to beg, borrow, or steal timber as part of their creed—had stowed his haul of wood. Immediately under the bulwarks were lashed drums of paint and that "strong stuff" in which the Navy delights. Two giant water-casks ornamented the waist on either side of the mainmast, and over them were coiled many—very many—fathoms of mooring ropes, spare tackles, small stuff, and other gear that could not be crammed away below. Near about here was the standard compass, and as hundred-ton brigantines don't go in much for such instruments, it was hidden from outside view by a bottomless cask. The "abandon ship" boat occupied a great part of the midships deck; spare spars and the horse on which the boom had once travelled filled in the crevices. The boat itself was laden as few boats ever have been laden since the Ark set forth a-voyaging. Came next the galley, with salt-pork casks all about it; barrels of sand for deck-scrubbing surrounding the salt pork again; more

paint drums; galley coal stacked wherever it could be stacked; next the fore-hatch concealing the foremost 12-pounder, then more ropes in flakes and unopened coils; more paint and strong stuff, a few cages of canaries, a monkey or so, cats, and the usual menagerie of animals that Navy Jack loves to sponsor.

The quarter-deck of this commissioned ship was about three feet square. Pacing it, and growing forgetful, one encountered obstacles. A step too far and the shins came with force against the low-stowed chase of the after-gun; turning, as one anathematised our teeth, one next tripped over the heads of certain bolts driven through the deck to hold the oil-tanks in place in the engine-room. Navigating past these one stubbed his toes against the chocks of the port water-cask, and so came to the end of the beat. The stern of the boat formed an effective barricade against farther progress, and the boat itself sufficiently darkened the tiny scuttles let in the deck to enshroud wardroom and cabins in Stygian gloom.

"What we want," said the C.O., surveying the appalling hamper, "is a good-looking gale and a few green 'uns aboard. Surprising how little gear you can get on with when you've got to." We found that out by experience.

Compasses adjusted, we decided to move off to the capacious bay farther south, where we could lie in semi-hiding and practise our evolutions. With-

out blare of trumpets or beating of drums we slunk away from the buoy and made for open water, always using our engines. We found it possible to make three good knots per hour by their aid, and were glad we carried no depth-charges.

"We'll make plain sail," the C.O. decided as we got well clear of the harbour mouth, "to exercise the crew a bit." And orders were given to loose the topsails.

The crew were willing—they were equally unskilled. The mate of a Yankee hard-case would have expended every belaying-pin carried by the ship in reducing order out of chaos. It reminded me forcibly of early days at sea, with a scratch crew picked up at a foreign port. Hardly a man knew the correct lead of a rope—but all tried hard to find them. And if a man even turned incautiously, he hit something, and usually he hit it hard. Naturally, he swore loudly, and stumbling away, hit something else. An officer, endeavouring to instruct, infallibly ran foul of some snag, and added his own curseful outpourings to the general din. But eventually the topsails were set, and the little ship felt their weight at once. She took a white bone between her teeth, as the sea-saying goes: something approaching spray broke from her advancing bow, and, as the breeze was vigorous and fair, more canvas was loosed and slowly set. Bit by bit the muslin was piled on her, until she was clothed from truck to scupper; then, as she

leaned over gaily to the kiss of that good breeze, the engines were stopped and — peace settled down on the clamorous craft. For an oil-engine of sixty horse-power worked at full capacity in such a vessel can create more discomfort, stench, and vibration than engines of thirty thousand horse-power can do aboard a liner.

It was good to watch her now: she was herself again—a buoyant graceful thing, as light and joyous as a bird on the wing. I doubt if there is any pleasure that can approach that of handling a fast sailing-ship in a good breeze. The poetry of motion is everywhere about: the soft rustle of the bellying canvas, the gentle purr and plash of the parted water, the creaking of spars and the whip-whip of frapping cordage, make up a chorus that is sweetest music. Despite the unequal drag of the propeller, which was not on the ship's centre-line, she handled like a well-broken horse, responsive almost to the thought before it was conveyed to the helmsman's hands. There was a pleasing gurgle of water alongside—a sense of remoteness from a hurrying, war-full world, as there was a sense of illimitable power in the onward thrust of the shearing bow. And then—there was a stench as though the sewers of the world had been opened wide, for the stagnant water in the bilges—a wooden ship always leaks a little—wakened up to the slow heave and lift of the hull, and—Mediterranean water that is old in bilge can

outdo Limburger cheese at its worst.

"She needs pumping out," we decided, and clapped hands to the comical pump. We wished we had not. The leak of foul gas from below was bad, but as the black and horrible water plashed up the pumps and strayed over the deck, we decided that the remedy was worse than the disease. However, we steeled our hearts and persevered, and presently the pumps sucked, a liberal application of powerful disinfectants qualified the odours, and we breathed freely once more, drinking deep gusts of that charmed Mediterranean air into our lungs.

As the day was yet young, and as our training port was but a few miles distance, as, moreover, we had good reason to believe that no enemy submarines were within watching distance, we took the opportunity of exercising the crew in sail-drill. But, in order not to tempt Providence at the outset, we worked them a watch (at a time, retaining a minimum number of hands on deck. This served two purposes: it hid the real size of our complement, and it taught the small watch to work together. And it was surprising how the men came on. We furled all sail, stripping the brig to bare poles; we set it again, we furled it yet again. Few of the hands had ever been out on a yard before, but they betrayed small timorousness; rather they took what we considered to be unnecessary risks. To them it was

all a good joke, and it was as well they should consider it so, because there was enough of grim earnestness ahead of us in the coming days.

On this day we carried out none of the real fighting programme. The guns were not brought up, the crew were not exercised in their use. We held that as every trained Navy man knows something about gunnery, and as gunnery is much the same whether carried on aboard a steamer or a sailing-ship, our time would be better employed in teaching the crew handiness with ropes and sails; and there were not a few stiff limbs and sore hands by the time we ran into harbour again and dropped our ground-tackle in smooth water.

The C.O. sailed the brig into port, and did it well, despite the fact of his latest experience being in river steamers. And as soon as all canvas was stowed and the decks cleared, we three officers went below to the little evil-smelling ward-room and held a long and serious consultation. We tried to think beforehand of every emergency; we argued—indeed, on occasion, we almost quarrelled; but I think the result was good: we defined a clear programme which dealt, as we fondly believed, with every conceivable possibility that could arise.

And then followed strenuous days, during which we strove to make our men letter-perfect in their new craft. We secured a valuable addition to our forces in the person of a leading

seaman of the Naval Reserve, a man who had spent most of his life in small sailing-craft, and had indeed been mate of a South Sea trading-brig. He was a host in himself; he spent all his so-called leisure in instructing the younger hands in details of seamanship: it was seldom that he ceased from tuition; and even o' nights, just before "pipe down," we could hear him laying down sailing-ship law with the same keen enthusiasm as he displayed during actual working hours. In appearance, in deportment too, he would have broken the heart of any commander of a Dreadnought; aboard Brig X he fitted as a hand into a glove, and was worth his weight in gold.

We were to carry out practice-firing before starting forth on our great adventure; we had no doubt as to the result. Our Commander (B.) decided that we should not do the usual thing—fire a few rounds at a stereotyped target and then secure; the whole show must be as nearly like reality as was possible. He was bringing down a select company of "brass hats" to watch the evolutions: the local staff were all keen to witness our work. They looked forward to a pleasant yachting trip of a few hours' duration: there would be a picnic on deck, and so forth, and then a triumphant return. So we made preparations. Our resources in the way of food were meagre: what use was it carrying many delicacies when our tiny galley was quite incapable of coping

with them, and when our cook, however willing, remembered he was a gun-layer first and a cook afterwards? There was a certain quantity of grog in the wardroom locker, but the actual food consisted of Navy rations, and but little else.

"Won't do 'em the least bit of harm to scratch about for themselves," said our Commander (B.) "Don't make any difference in your usual style of living."

At the appointed time the visitors appeared. They had made concession to our camouflage to the extent of wearing obviously naval Burberrys and as obviously British soft hats, but they had complied with the regulations that dictated that no uniform must be shown aboard sailing "Q's." Some of them—senior officers—were surprised at our tinniness. They failed to negotiate the quarter-deck obstacles, and they were for ever falling foul of some of the impedimenta which littered our decks. One of the visitors, a martinet of the old spit-and-polish school, sniffed contemptuously at our seeming griminess.

But that our camouflage was a success none could deny. The slight matter of the lifted main-boom escaped the notice of men who had served most of their days in battleships of the modern type: we hoped that enemy submarine commanders might show the same lack of discernment. That our disguise was good was proved at a much later date, when a Greek merchant came aboard us in a Greek port and endea-

voured to charter us to carry a cargo of wine on his behalf. We gave him a moderate cargo of British whisky and sent him away, the most puzzled Greek I have ever seen!

The visitors settled themselves down wherever they could find space. They were like passengers about to cross the Channel; they took an academic interest in the proceedings. We others, who had watched the glass, exchanged an occasional surreptitious wink. There was bad weather brewing, if they had but known it; and as, in the course of our duties, we passed the passengers by and heard them discussing their engagements for that evening, we wondered a little here and there. You see, we knew what our engines were worth, and we knew something of the possibilities of the local waters in the way of weather.

We had towed our target, fashioned to resemble a submarine awash, alongside; but once well clear of the land we cast it adrift, and the appointed programme commenced. The brig sailed on, leaving the target slowly dancing astern; and now the hands were called to "Action stations" by the simple process of sounding the alarm. It would have made a good cinema film. The love of acting is deeply implanted in the British sailor's heart—one need only cross the Line in an old-time sailing-ship to realise that—and our fellows entered most heartily into the spirit of the thing.

Commander G—— took out

his stop-watch, so did the other spectators. Rapidity of coming into action was the main desideratum, next came accuracy of fire.

Commander G—— was exultant; so was the creator of our disappearing mountings; for the stop-watch told that from the order being given to "Up guns!" to the first shot being fired, seven bare seconds had elapsed.

"Not bad, eh?"

It was agreed that it was even good, and this from a service that gives praise grudgingly, was tantamount to an "Excellent." We ourselves were gratified that the demonstration had gone off successfully; we were still more gratified when an inspection of the target showed that four shot had passed clean through what represented the U-boat's conning-tower. Had it been the real thing we should have sunk that submarine infallibly; and we were aware of a growing confidence in ourselves.

True, the practice had not been carried out without detriment to the "Q" boat. She was soundly built, and even the unaccustomed shudder of the guns' recoil, and the concussion of the firing, had not strained her in any way, though it had shaken every loose thing to the deck; but the blast from the gun-muzzles had blown away whole sections of the bulwark panelling; one of the main shrouds was carried away by a projectile, and another "proj" had neatly parted the shank-painter of

the anchor—lucky for the ship it was solid shot we were firing and not live-shell!—and had permitted the ground-tackle to drop outboard; whilst, on account of the anchor being held by the ring-stopper, the weighty implement had swung clean through the bulwarks beneath the fore-castle head, and was firmly locked in place by its own weight; whilst, further, the little capstan forward had been blown clean out of existence. However, these were details of no moment; we had satisfied our critics that we were efficient; and we dived down below, packing out the little wardroom, and drank to a successful cruise.

The guns were sponged and carefully groomed,—all along we took the utmost care of these our teeth, knowing exactly how much depended on their consistent efficiency; they were tested and lowered and lifted again; and we proved that the mountings—experimental, remember—had not suffered the slightest strain.

And whilst this was in progress the wind was shifting and increasing. We had so many things to think of that we failed to notice this fact overmuch; but when we found it out, we set to work to get back to port to land our passengers. Mediterranean weather at certain times of the year can be sufficiently treacherous and vicious; we proved that to every one's satisfaction. For, to make a long story short, we failed to make port;

the wind was a dead-muzzler, and our paltry engines failed to rise to the emergency. The ship would not beat to windward; though we tacked and tacked, and when the wind grew too strong for tacking, though we wore and wore, we could make no headway. Before nightfall we were shortened down to storm-canvas, and a full gale was blowing, causing the ship—she was always lively—to roll and pitch in a depraved way. Very evidently she had no respect for our distinguished visitors.

Their plight was anything but a happy one. Down below, on account of everything being closely battened, because of the green water we were beginning to ship, the atmosphere was well-nigh insufferable; on deck was nothing but chill, and flying spindrift, and whole seas. There was no room for every one below; makeshift shelters had to be rigged on deck. To cook in the little galley was practically impossible; the most we could do was to boil tea and coffee by aid of the blow-lamps in the engine-room. And for three good days such weather conditions endured! The storm increased in violence; we could not make shelter; and we simply had to ride it out as best we might. For ourselves we minded but little, perhaps; the promise was that we should be required to endure much worse in the course of our roamings; but for the brass hats we were frankly sorry. Several of them had not been

to sea for years—never in anything smaller than a cruiser, replete with modern comforts. Sea-sickness amongst them was not uncommon, and they one and all endured a veritable purgatory of suffering. They were drenched, and they had no dry clothing; when they were hungry, their stomachs turned against the rough fare that was all we had to offer them; the thought of duty and social engagements ashore saddened them; on the whole, their yachting trip was not a success.

And there was real feeling in the voice of one of them when we eventually came to an anchor and put them ashore, as he said—

“You fellows deserve a V.C. apiece for even going to sea in such a ship, even if you never see a submarine!”

.
For only a few days longer did our training continue: we were all extremely anxious to be up and doing; and we were all, I think, inspired by a sense of loyalty to Commander (B.), who had pledged his reputation on the ultimate success of the sailing “Q’s.” He was a man to command admiration and to excite zeal to a large degree: our regard for him contained a large amount of real affection.

“I wish to God I was going with you,” he said, on sailing day; and we knew he was thoroughly in earnest. Office work and shore-life irked him: a born fighter, he would gladly have thrown up a useful appointment for the sake of

definite action with the enemy; but his rôle for the nonce was to remain ashore and equip other brigs for service. When the last one was ready it would be a different story.

So, having watered ship to her fullest capacity—not much when all was said and done; having performed miracles in the way of close stowage—without our washing, for foreign washerwomen are always late—we weighed anchor and tripped away to open water.

“Get the guns up, and load with common shell,” said the C.O. as we passed between the buoys that marked the swept channel. “Have everything clear for action, because we’re going bang into the danger zone.” It was done. We were about to face the real thing at last.

A kind of sober joy seemed to have settled on the ship. Our days of workful learning were at an end. We quite recognised the perils that lay before us, and we tasted fear; for I do not hold with men who swear, their hands on their hearts, that fear is a thing unknown to them. Every man is conscious on occasion of that tension of the diaphragm, that watery feeling of the loins, that desire to swallow swiftly, which all seem to be indicative of trepidation. Modern education has cultivated the imagination, and he whose imagination is most vivid suffers the greatest qualms of fear. I have not discussed this question much with others: it is a subject to

be mentioned only when the hearts are relaxed and the tongues speak very freely; but I know that my abiding fear was of facial mutilation. Death was a matter to be regarded with a certain amount of philosophy, accompanied by half-voiced prayers that if it came it might be accepted decently, without any outward show of cowardice—if possible, to be greeted with a jest for the sake of encouraging others; but hideous mutilation was a thing to be dreaded above all else. And during a somewhat active career in the war, my ever-present fear was of having half my face torn away by a shell splinter, and not being killed. From the instant of hearing a shell’s first whine to seeing it explode harmless, a lapse of but two seconds, maybe, the quickened imagination saw oneself struck, mangled, carried away, tended by surgeons—saw, too, the hopeless shakes of the heads as the verdict of permanent disfigurement was passed.

“Though why you should be afraid of that,” said the C.O. as we touched on the fringe of the matter, “I can’t see. ’Tisn’t as if you were an Adonis at the best of times. Now, a bayonet through the stomach’s always been my pet aversion!”

There were no long harangues to the crew, no rhetoric of any kind. It was not even possible to parade them on deck, on account of lack of space; but the C.O. did assemble them on the mess-deck and speak a few words. They

were spoken half-jestingly, but they summed up the situation. I was not present at the gathering, but I heard a ragged cheer come up the hatchway. For myself, I was too busy scanning the softly-rippled surface of the sea.

We had obtained definite orders to cruise in a certain neighbourhood. We were to shape courses as if making for certain ports, as a sailing-ship steering an obviously ridiculous course that led nowhere would at once become an object of suspicion. We had a translation of captured German submarine orders with us, which showed that the enemy were quite aware of the existence of "Q" boats. Every ship, according to these instructions, was to be treated with the utmost suspicion: the first possibility was that such ship might reasonably be a mystery ship. The Germans were taking no chances.

We weighed anchor at noon; a moderate fair breeze enabled us to dispense with engines when a mile from the land; and under a growing cloud of canvas, heeling slightly to the thrust of the breeze, Brig X pushed forward to a region that was reputed to be stiff with submarines.

At nine o'clock the next morning we sighted an enemy submarine. He thrust his periscope up in the midst of a shining waste of sun-smitten sea; and Number One, who had the watch, spotted it instantly. Through coloured glasses he saw a distinct feather, he said, a ripple

of spray from the moving object. He sounded the alarm-rattler at once, and the crew moved directly to their action stations.

Fritz remained submerged for something like five minutes after being first sighted; then he emerged, like a Heath Robinson sea-monster. He was at this time distant about 2500 yards from the brig, and so far as my own observation went—I was crouched behind the bulwarks looking through the sighting slits—he was an ugly enough looking customer. His conning-tower came first, showing two periscopes, then his fore-deck, water pouring from it. The instant it was clear of the water men appeared through scuttles which opened sinisterly, and grouped themselves about the gun. I saw an orange-yellow flash and a puff of grey smoke, and a moment or so later the whine of a shell came thinly to our ears. That shell passed directly over the after gun-house, and perforated the main-sail without exploding. If it had been six feet lower it would inevitably have put one of our two teeth completely out of action.

We sat tight where we were, and waited for the situation to develop. So far as we could judge, everything was going according to plan.

The C.O. was quite calm about it. To judge by his attitude, submarine-killing was a job that he had been employed in all his working life. Yet not very long before he had been a peaceful merchant-

man, with never a thought of war in his mind.

"We've got him cold," he said to me, "if he only comes up to expectations. Best not to seem too ready to abandon ship, though."

The worst of it was, Fritz did not quite enact the rôle required of him. Instead of running in at high speed, firing as swiftly as he could load his guns, with the idea of terrorising us, he remained in much about the position he had first fired from, and sent another shell at us—shrapnel this time, which burst over the deck and pierced the boom foresail in several places. He was very evidently a bit suspicious of us: we came to the conclusion afterwards that he had got wind of there being sailing "Q's" in commission, and was not disposed to take any unnecessary risks.

At 2500 yards we could have hit and sunk him, but not at the first salvo. It is not an easy matter to estimate a range at sea to an exact yard; but as a U-boat can submerge in very few seconds after taking the alarm, it follows that there is scant time for lengthy range-finding. To "Up guns" at that juncture would have been to lose our chance; it was anything but pleasant to enact the part of the sitting pheasant, but there was no other alternative. It was up to us to stand any punishment he cared to administer without retaliating until we were certain of putting him down.

But he insisted on maintaining that distance between us;

and he indulged in a leisurely, desultory bombardment that was not at all accurate, but quite accurate enough to be uncomfortable. One common shell went through the top-sail: it failed to burst, which was so much to the good; another did burst just abreast the galley; it made a furious noise and a beastly smell, but beyond perforating the little deck-house in many places, scoring the deck, and smashing a cask that held the ready-for-use coal, did no great amount of harm.

But the growing improvement in the shooting caused the C.O. to give the order to abandon ship. Forthwith the boat was released from its lashings in the main rigging, and the "Abandon Ship" party backed the fore-yards according to plan, lowered away the boat into the water, and slid down the tackles into her, giving way as soon as they could get their oars out.

It was my duty to tend the brig's helm now, whilst remaining invisible from outboard. In order to perform this task effectively, it was necessary to lie prone on my back beneath the wheel and to steer by instinct more than by sight. The main thing was to keep the vessel's head quite steady, as any yawing about would affect the gunlayers' aim when the actual moment came to open fire. A swing of a degree at the firing moment would probably throw the shells very wide; and our target at the best was but a small one—very considerably smaller than Fritz's.

From now on the "Q" boat was to pose as an abandoned hulk; and it was very necessary that not the slightest inkling should be given to the enemy of any human presence on board. To do this successfully was not as easy as might appear at first glance: let it be borne in mind that we were dealing with an opponent whose suspicion was his strongest feature — a stronger feature than his bravery, indeed; and my entire experience with enemy U-boat crews went to show that real courage was not their strongest point.

We were also in some small doubt as to the possible behaviour of the crew who remained aboard in hiding. Theirs was anything but an easy part to play. It was up to them to stand any punishment that might come without making any answering demonstration until the critical moment of retaliation arrived — if, indeed, it did arrive. Many of them were untried in the furnace of resolution; and the possibilities of heavy casualties were far from remote. It only needed one shell to burst below decks to tear the ship — small as she was — into wreckage. And Brig X was not one of what came afterwards to be called "the cold feet Q's"; that is, she was not lined with cork, packed as to bilges with cork, and subdivided throughout her length by steel watertight bulkheads. Further, there was the far from remote possibility that Fritz might launch a torpedo to settle the account; and as a

rule enemy submarines made much better practice with their tubes than with their guns.

There was time for a good deal of solid thinking so far as I myself was concerned. Being under close and growingly heavy shell-fire was no new experience: it had been endured on land, in the air, and at sea; but I defy any man possessed of even the rudiments of an imagination to become thoroughly inured to the nerve-strain involved by a procession of explosive projectiles deliberately aimed in his direction. It was all very well to call on one's fatalistic equipment, to seek comfort by thinking: "Very well, if you're going to be hit you'll know nothing about it; any shell you hear is innocuous so far as you are concerned, because by the time your brain has received the impression of its scream, it is safely past. *You won't hear the shell that hits you!*" This trend of thought had served to build up a semi-indifference on previous occasions; this time it failed in a measure, and I myself was a victim to most lively apprehensions.

But there was no get-out: it had to be endured, come what might. If we desired to play our rôle successfully, it was necessary to steel oneself to an endurance that would impress such of the crew as were looking to the official element for a lead as to behaviour on this, their first experience of the real strain of war. Most incon-

sequent thoughts occupied the mind, and these were welcomed. Subconsciously the brain was humming a line of that favourite lower-deck song, "A Little Child shall lead them"; fragments of Kipling floated through the consciousness. A heartening effect was derived from a frequent repetition of "The game is bigger than the player of the game, and the ship is more than the crew": and Mr Rudyard Kipling may not be entirely displeased to know that his words had a good result in one case at least. All said and done, the work of Brig X was a bigger concern than the safety of Brig X's Navigator.

The C.O., crouched behind the bulwarks, with the mouth-piece of a speaking-tube to his lips, was watching every manœuvre of the submarine; Number One, ensconced in the little camouflaged control, where a trench periscope was concealed in what appeared to be an ordinary mushroom ventilator, was doing the same. Had a phonographic record of the various sounds audible aboard been taken, it would have sounded something as follows:—

"What do you make of her, Number One?"

"Now bearing Red - one-double-oh, sir. Range two-four-double-oh."

A distant detonation, and before the senses had properly received the impression—phewzheeouiw! This word represents phonetically the whine of a 22-pounder shell.

A sensational splash as the projectile entered the water, and the swish of falling spray, the creaking of the fore-yards following.

"Wish he'd close, the —!" in the C.O.'s voice. "What's he up to now? Altering his bearing, Number One?"

"Now bearing Red nine-five, sir."

Dully from the concealed gun positions echoed the calls of the sight-setters: "Red nine-five; set."

"— [expletive], I'd give my — [Navy adjective] prize-money for a — [Navy adjective] fag!" This from the gun-layer of the after-gun. It was succeeded by a titter. It requires but little to create laughter bordering on the hysterical on such occasions. "What price a quart of — [Navy adjective] beer now, mates?"

"How'd yer like to change plices wiv them fellers at Scapa—goin' aground on their own — [Navy adjective] bully - beef tins?" Another dulled detonation, another whining screech; further splashing, and, loudest sound of all to the observer, the thick throb of his own heart-beats.

Such sounds were in evidence; but there was also an undercurrent of other sounds, including the roaring of the blow-lamps that were engaged in heating up the oil-engines in readiness for movement when the order was given, and the nervous whistling of some one in concealment which

beat in on the brain with a somewhat stunning effect. There was a wealth of bad language, uttered without particular vindictiveness, but merely with an idea of conveying an impression of cool indifference to such as might feel qualms of fear. So far as I could accept impressions, lying there staring at a clear sky and hearing the conversation that went on in the after-gunhouse, all the gun's crew there were joined together in a useful conspiracy to strengthen the resolution of every one about.

"Hit for'ard!" said the C.O., as another shell plumped into the sea about five yards beyond the starboard side. It must have grazed our bulwarks in its passing. Our practice bore good fruit: the smoke-box that had been held in readiness at the foot of the for'ard scuttle was promptly ignited, and a great pillar of smoke ascended from the deck, giving a truly realistic effect of conflagration. Then came a crash aloft, followed by a wild clanking of chains and a thud. The fore-topsail yard had been shot away in the slings; it dropped, and in dropping parted the top-gallant sheets. And still Fritz came no closer, although he altered his bearing frequently, chiefly taking up a position on our bow, where he might consider himself safe from gun-fire on account of the big upward trend of the hull towards the knightheads.

He moved from about a point abaft the port beam to

two points on the port bow, and he seldom fired twice from the same position. In the main his target practice was execrable: any average gun-layer ought to have riddled Brig X into the likeness of a colander after firing the number of shells Fritz had already fired.

"I've a jolly good mind to up guns and chance it," said the C.O. "What do you think, Pilot?"

There was a decided temptation, as I remember now, to acquiesce in this plan: in the roar and crash of our own gun-fire it would be possible to find some alleviation from the suspense and solar-plexus-shaking sounds of the enemy's bombardment. Every private soldier who has been in action knows the added indifference to danger that comes from feeling the kick of his own rifle-butt against his shoulder. It helps to stun the livelier portions of the brain in some definite measure.

But there was the further thought that all sailing "Q's" looked to us to play the game according to plan.

"Better to make sure," was therefore the Pilot's advice. Much about this time another shell exploded on deck, close to the galley again. It took the bigger part of the cook-house overboard, in a cloud of scattered coal-dust and ashes, and some burning cinders set fire to the mass of litter that crowded the decks; so there was no need for a smoke-box to be ignited on this occasion. One of the Repair and Fire party, who had been ensconced

under the tiny fore-castle head, crept on hands and knees to the spot—so I was afterwards informed—and dumped a half-filled cask of salt water on the budding flames. This was not according to orders, and might indeed have been a sure “give-away,” as steam at once mingled with the smoke; but apparently Fritz did not notice this phenomenon.

Suspicion still remained uppermost in the enemy’s mind, however—that was quite evident. According to reports collected from the commanders of genuine Mediterranean coasting-craft that had been destroyed by German or Austrian submarines, the usual plan was to force the crew to abandon ship, and then to approach rapidly, run clean alongside, and put a demolition party aboard, whose duty it was to sink the abandoned vessel by bombs. It was not considered good economy to waste a costly torpedo on such small fry. Failing bombs, close-range shell-fire was the ordained method of sinking. What I do not understand in regard to this submarine’s action was the fact that she did not order our abandon-ship boat to close. Such a procedure would at once have occurred to the average mind, the argument being that if the supposedly abandoned ship were actually a “Q,” the crew of the boat would by some means disclose their real identity on being questioned. Had this course been followed, had the U-boat made close inquiry, our chance of success must

have been a wash-out. Not a man in the boat could speak more than a few words of anglicised Italian, although the Italian flag was flying from our mainmast-head.

Acting under orders, the abandon-ship boat remained fairly close to the parent ship, our hope being that it would serve as a lure to draw the submarine within closer and more certain range. But our enemy took scant notice of the boat, excepting to send a couple of shells over it unpleasantly close.

“He’s up to some dirty work,” said the C.O. “He’s diving.”

Fritz had determined to approach us, but caution was still his main motive, judging by what happened. Instead of coming towards us on the surface, he filled his buoyancy tanks and submerged, leaving only his periscope awash. Then, at full submerged speed, he tore towards us, throwing a handsome feather from his periscope. Had we been a high-speed steam “Q” fitted with depth-charges, he was our meat; as it was, we could do nothing whatsoever but await further developments. Submerged as he was, he was entirely safe from our gun-fire, although well within effective range; to knock away his periscope would avail us nothing. The situation was a delicate one for the C.O. to handle, especially when it is borne in mind that he had only small training in counter-submarine work. His adaptability, his resourcefulness

were wonderful; I cannot help but pay testimony to the skill with which he met altering conditions. If Fritz succeeded in hoisting us into the air, and the C.O. survived, he would be tried by court-martial for losing his ship, and would be subjected to a severe cross-examination concerning the action he had taken; and if any arm-chair critic, viewing the action as a whole, with no real knowledge of what happened from minute to minute, condemned certain movements, the C.O. would pay heavily in reputation. He was a man of sensitive disposition, and extremely eager to show the Regular Navy that the R.N.R. could keep its end up with the best of the professionals; but he told me later that his main thought was that he held the responsibility of the crew's lives on his shoulders: on his actions depended their continued existence. Added to this fear was also the not unnatural fear of his own death, and the suffering that would be caused to his relatives.

Without coming to the surface, at a range of something like a thousand yards, the U-boat discharged a torpedo full at Brig X. Having crawled to the C.O.'s side, with a desire of companionship in that great loneliness which besets a man when death is stalking near, I was able to note the passage of this new element in the game. There was the usual bubbling line moving relentlessly towards Brig X, and it appeared as though nothing could possibly save the fabric from being

hoisted bodily into the air. A "meuldy" that was capable of blowing a forty-by-thirty hole in a steel ship's side, when that steel was backed up by many tons of solid cargo, promised to leave but little remaining of the "Q" boat. And there was nothing to be done to avoid the impending disaster. To leap overboard gave the show away at once; to start up the engines in an effort to run clear was an equal disclosure, as the exhaust, leading out through one of the quarter-pipes, would emit blinding clouds of smoke such as no ordinary Italian coasting brig ever produced since the days of ships. Fortunately, although it seemed longer in the happening than it really was, not much time was allowed for speculation, though there was quite enough for lively apprehension. I do not know of any helplessness that is quite so complete as that of waiting for a torpedo to strike a small ship. To know that you are the definite target of the missile, that if it strikes it will destroy the ship and fling possibly yourself and certainly your well-liked shipmates into mangled fragments, is a disconcerting idea: and to know, further, that nothing you can do can possibly avert destruction, is productive of a forlornness impossible to describe in words.

As it happened, the torpedo went clean under the brig and missed her, thanks to her shallow draught. In their zeal to make a finish of us the enemy had neglected to alter the depth-setting: it had been ad-

justed to make sure of finishing a ship of twenty feet draught or more, and this neglect was our salvation, although I swear that we *felt* the horrible thing scrape along our keel. What would have happened had we been fairly struck I do not pretend to estimate. Lieutenant Sanders, V.C., R.N.R., after being blown overboard by the explosion of a German torpedo which obtained a direct hit on his "Q" boat, swam back to the sinking hulk and fought his gun to the end, sinking the submarine and escaping with his own life; but whether Brig X would have remained sufficiently in the shape of a ship to enable a gun to be fired from her, is a matter that can only be conjectured. Personally, I think she would have been blown into two halves, and both halves would have sunk out of hand, and such survivors as might have been would presumably have been picked up by the U-boat and given the customary treatment meted out to "Q" boat crews—summary execution. However, the matter did not go so far, and what execution there was had the Germans as victims.

The U-boat did not attempt another torpedo after the failure of the first; as a rigorous account of expenditure was kept in such craft, and as any commander who logged the expenditure of two torpedoes without scoring a hit was liable not only to censure but actual degradation, it seemed as though our enemy was not disposed to take further risks.

But he still failed to come within our reach—he was exactly what the C.O. called him, quoting the Man from the East, "a downy bird."

He came still nearer, remaining submerged, and then within an incredibly short distance thrust up his periscope to a great height so that he could overlook our decks, and made a comprehensive observation. And it was unquestionably due to our skilful camouflage that he did not discover our identity and try a second "mouldy." Even so, as that periscope remained above the bulwarks, like a malevolent eye, we who cuddled as closely as human beings ever did cuddle against the bulwark planking, noticed a dozen glaringly obvious matters that ought to have given the show away without question. There was the great asbestos-lagged exhaust from the oil-engines running along the deck beside the after gun-house—fortunately it was painted exactly the same colour as the deck; and there was the chase of the after 12-pounder lying across the planking, with only a fragment of canvas casually flung over it and not nearly concealing it. The binnacle hood of a standard compass—service trawler type—protruded from an up-ended cask beside the mainmast; but it may be that the mooring ropes coiled on either side, on top of the weather barricoes, hid the palpable thing from the periscope's view, though to us, crouched aft, it was plainly evident.

We were still woefully uncertain, and it was very

evident the men in actual concealment were feeling the strain. Number One had dropped his own periscope in obedience to instructions, and this instrument was now nothing but a simple mushroom ventilator; and as it was no longer possible to keep communication with the gun-positions by means of the voice-pipe, the men below were utterly in the dark as to what was transpiring. They bore up under the strain extraordinarily well.

After a comprehensive examination, the U-boat moved off, drawing down her periscope after the manner of a telescope; and we breathed again, awaiting the next act in the drama. This was not long in coming; indeed, although the foregoing has occupied some time in the narration, when we compared notes afterwards, it was astonishing to see what a number of incidents had been crowded into a trivial space of time.

Fritz came to the surface at about 800 yards' distance from the brig and opened his conning-tower. As soon as his gun-deck was above water he recommenced firing, and lobbed two shells clean into us. One burst in the mess-deck and did a lot of damage; the other was a dud, and passed clean through the hull without exploding. The little "Q" shook to her keel at the shell's explosion, and the effect was that of a volcano. But whatever we felt was set aside, as almost as

the detonation sounded the C.O. said, "Up guns, open fire!"

The range had been given at 800, and it was a good approximation. With a tremendous crash the after deck-house fell apart, and the 12-pounder locked into the firing position. But the forward gun was up first: its mechanism was simpler. This weapon simply bent over down the open fore-hatch, and when down was covered with a tarpaulin that could be plucked aside in a twinkling. The jar of the forward piece locking sounded an appreciable second before that of the after one, and as good luck would have it the U-boat was attacking from the port side, on which side both our 12-pounders were trained when housed. Certain seconds are lost in swinging a gun's chase round from port to starboard.

Through the jar and shudder came the whip-like reports of the breech-workers of the guns—"Ready!" The two gunlayers had accustomed their eyes to the range by sighting through the bulwark slits; they leaped to their places at the sighting telescopes with a clear impression of the target on their retinas. No one thought to time the interval between giving the order and the stunning crack of the forward gun's discharge, but I am of opinion that not more than six seconds elapsed. At the moment of "Up guns!" being given, the signalman snatched at the signal halliards and broke the White

Ensign, letting the Italian flag down by the run, so that the first discharge was fired under our legitimate colours, and the laws of war were thus obeyed to the letter. This shows the result of constant training: I know that so far as I myself am concerned all thought of the colours we were to fight under had escaped my notice, and the C.O. confessed to the same forgetfulness; but the signalman had been told that, whatever happened, it was his duty to break the White Ensign at the given order, and he did it as nonchalantly as though hoisting colours in port at eight o'clock.

One shot of the first two hit the U-boat fairly on the conning-tower and burst beautifully, and the forward gun claimed that hit, as did the after gun. It was quick work after that, and only certain impressions stand out clearly in the mind. One was of the C.O. leaping to the after-gun platform like a cat, and snapping out a range-correction before he steadied; another was of Number One slipping out of his control like a monkey out of a cage, scurrying hot-foot along the deck to the fore-rigging, swinging himself aloft to obtain a better view of the fall of shot; of myself ringing the bell as a signal for the engine to start up, and then standing upright at the wheel again and handling the ship as she felt the thrust of her propeller and moved ahead. And chief impression of all is the tumultuous cursing of the gun-layer of the after 12-

pounder. Black curses simply spouted from his lips; he damned everybody's eyes and worse. The C.O. was cursing too, and his flights of language would have aroused admiration at any other time,—now they passed unnoticed.

The submarine was undoubtedly taken by surprise: survivors admitted that afterwards. But even so he made an attempt to submerge, only our second salvo got him in the hull below the conning-tower; one shell actually burst beneath his fore-deck gun, and tilted it at such a sick angle that it was obviously out of action. And our Lewis gunners swept the summit of the conning-tower and the fighting decks with a very hose-stream of bullets, so that had any one appeared to handle the guns certain death must have been their portion. But on our first opening fire the gun crews had disappeared—jumped overboard in sheer panic so far as we could tell.

Once we disclosed our true colours, Fritz made no attempt to put up a fight: he was all right in attacking an apparently helpless merchantman; a war-vessel put the wind up him very badly. And if he had only stayed to fight it out the odds were still in his favour: his one remaining gun was heavier than ours; he had torpedoes, and he had speed for manœuvring far in excess of what we possessed.

As it was, he elected to take it lying down. It may be that our fire so damaged

him internally that further resistance was put out of the question: we got no clear account of what happened from the survivors. We, remembering certain things we had endured, and certain other things we had seen, were not disposed to show excessive mercy; and then, too, we had no assurance that Fritz was not up to some dirty work. There was only one place for an enemy submarine, according to our theories, and that was at the bottom of the Mediterranean; and we did all in our power to get him there quickly.

A German U-boat, however, does not, as some theorists believe, crumple up like a kicked sardine-tin at the impact of a single 12-pounder shell: it can withstand quite a good deal of punishment. It was necessary to fire many rounds before Fritz had received sufficient to ensure his destruction; but as our gunlayers had now got the range to a nicety, it was merely a question of time. Shell after shell found the target precisely, and we knew a bit of a feeling of exultation, as was inevitable. There had been some antagonism shown to our desire to indulge in prolonged target practice by certain veterans of the older school; there had even been whispers of "cold feet," because we did not rush to sea as soon as our stores were aboard, on the off-chance of finding a submarine sitting waiting just outside the Base. But our insistence of

going out on the hunt was well justified by the result.

And the work of our gunlayers was not easy when once Brig X was under her motor-power. A big internal-combustion engine, working at full speed in a very small ship, can make more noise and vibration than seems credible: our "Q" was jerking and trembling like a wind-blown aspen, or worse. It seemed to me, standing there at the wheel, as though she must inevitably shake her timbers apart, and throw herself abroad on the waters like rubbish; but her builders had built with a conscience, and when she was pumped out later, she showed no more than the usual amount of water in the bilges.

It was not the easiest thing in the world to maintain a perfectly accurate course, and the need to attend to the steering kept my thoughts concentrated away from much of the actual engagement. Fortunately, Brig X steered like a witch, despite the drag of the propeller. As the event proved, however, there was really no need to start the engines, though the principle of so doing was good. Fritz made no attempt to give us another torpedo, and we should have been as immune had we remained stationary. But we were not to know this; and, anyhow, it was no bad thing to give our gunners practice in firing under the most adverse conditions.

We could not always rely on finding a Fritz in per-

fectly calm water, neither could we always count on putting his deck armament clean out of action in double-quick time.

As was afterwards reckoned by the gunner's mate, it took thirty-five rounds to complete the enemy's destruction. That amount of shell was fired, but no doubt a good many rounds missed completely. Indeed, at one time, the U-boat was almost invisible on account of the thrown-up columns of spray and water about her, showing that certain projectiles had fallen short of their mark. But something like a score must have secured direct hits, and this average was anything but bad when it is borne in mind how small the offered target was. If the 12-pounder 12-cwt. gun had not been as accurate as a rifle, the percentage of misses must have been much higher.

But such calculations hardly enter into the story. What does really matter is that whilst still poring over the compass, intent on keeping the compass-point I had myself chosen as a course, fixed accurately on the lubber's line, I was aroused from my concentration by a sudden courseful cheer from the gun-layer of the after gun. Fritz was sinking. There was not the smallest doubt of it, for no submarine ever invented dives stern first, and that was what our adversary was doing. His bow was lifting with curious steadiness out of the sea, his after-part was disappearing from view.

"Cease firing!" screamed the C.O. "He's spitchered."

But when men are worked up to the killing frenzy, as our men were, it takes more than a single word to halt them; and the for'ard gun fired two more rounds before the order reached the gun-layer's brain.

"Stop her!" said the C.O., and I obediently rang the engine-room bell. Very quickly the horrid vibration died away; the engine, with a gusty sigh, came to rest, and the ensuing sensation of calm was almost unearthly. One moment there had been ear-splitting clamour enough to waken the dead at the bottom of the sea; the next there was nothing to be heard but an occasional creak from aloft, the dull flap of a sail, the soft gurgle of water overside. There was an acrid scent of burnt cordite over all, but the noxious fumes from the engine-room soon overpowered that odour.

Fritz did not sink like a flash: he took his time about it. When he did disappear he slid beneath the surface rather than plunged, and there was surprisingly little confusion in the water as he vanished. Just a few swirls and foamy streaks—nothing more.

I had often promised myself the privilege of taking a photograph of a sinking submarine at the precise moment of her finishing; but it was not until this U-boat vanished that I remembered that my camera was safely stowed away in my berth—absolutely forgotten in the rush of events. A photo-

graph of this sinking would have been very interesting, but my own negligence put it out of the question.

There were other things to consider besides photographs, though. We had in the first place our own casualties to reckon with; and we had, further, to rescue such survivors of the prize as remained alive. This latter work fell to the lot of the "Abandon Ship" boat. Our ceasing fire had evidently given the C.P.O. in charge the impression that we had been victorious, for the smoke had hardly cleared away from our gun-muzzles before he had his crew pulling like Trojans towards the spot where the U-boat had disappeared.

It is difficult to describe in detail the atmosphere aboard Brig X after the engagement terminated. Some men were cheering still, as if they would never leave off; others were calm and reposeful, with white set faces and very bright eyes. In the main there was a suggestion of boastfulness about everybody's attitude, and there was a tremendous amount of talk. Each man was trying to tell how the action had impressed him, and no one was listening to a word any one else said! The after gun-layer was explaining to the C.O. that his shooting had unquestionably resulted in the submarine's finish; and suddenly—quite without any relevance—he started on a Gunnery School lecture to his sight-setter about some trivial point of drill that had been neglected. For myself, I was

conscious in the main of feeling somewhat sick: that too-vivid imagination of mine had conjured up an impression of the interior of the German submarine. I pictured it a shambles, a horrid inferno of mangled men, who, wounded and helpless, were unable to make any effort to save themselves as the devouring water raced in through the many gaps our shells had made. And it was not the least use to repeat: "They deserved all they got—they didn't worry whether any one was in the way of their mouldies when they fired them." Even now that conjured-up vision troubles me.

The C.O. was simply unmoved; he was the most matter-of-fact man possible to meet. The first thing he did after the submarine sank was to unscrew the cooking-handle of the after gun in order to assure himself that the nut retaining the striker in place had not come unscrewed, so that, in the event of it being necessary to open fire again, there need be no fear of a premature discharge owing to the point of the striker projecting and striking the firing-tube as the gun's breech was closed!

Once satisfied of this, he gave orders for the guns to be rapidly sponged out and housed.

"Look alive about it, too," he ordered. "We haven't any proof that that man is the only one about—and they've taken to hunting in pairs."

This necessary work was

done very quickly; the guns were dropped and the camouflage coverings replaced; extra hands were ordered from the deck; and long before the "Abandon Ship" boat came alongside, the brig was reduced to the semblance of an Italian coaster once more.

Down below, however, it was different. The majority of the men had been in action for the first time, and they were very full of it all. The babel of talk that came from the mess-decks was incredible; it was amazing that so comparatively few men could make so much noise. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of our poky little wardroom, that is: near there a sort of whispering rasp was in the speakers' voices, —their concession to the fact that our wounded lay within.

By virtue of certain facts it fell to my lot to act as surgeon-in-ordinary to the ship. In early youth the writer had been earmarked for the medical profession, and had studied accordingly. Later, his acquaintanceship with the disciples of healing had been considerable; and as rough and ready surgery had always appealed, he was not quite so left-handed as he might have been. An inquisitive mind helped not a little; but my first thought on surveying our wounded was one of self-disgust in that I had not taken greater advantage of the opportunities that had offered in the past to equip myself more completely. I felt that I would willingly have given years of life to be qualified—

and a sense of helplessness grew.

However, the job had to be tackled, and tackled it was. It was anything but pleasant. There were three men who came into the category of "seriously wounded," two others with minor injuries, and another who was more scared than hurt. There was not even a sick-berth steward to help; but the coxswain volunteered, and rendered signal assistance. One man was really suffering excruciatingly; he entreated me to put him out of his misery once for all. Throwing overboard was the remedy he suggested; but a heroic injection of morphia made his outlook more hopeful. The least seriously wounded of the lot made most outcry: he had been hit by a splinter in the middle of the hand, and to hear him one would have imagined he was disembowelled at least. He had quite lost control of himself, and sympathy only made him worse. But the exercise of a smattering of Prussianism had a better effect. Threats of various kinds, chiefly concerned with the stoppage of grog, were made; and ultimately dark hints of irons and the chain-locker brought the man to his senses. It is better not to enter too closely into details of the rough surgery that was practised: it would probably arouse mirth amongst qualified readers. Somehow, the blood-flows were stopped, the wounds were bathed and rendered antiseptic, certain stitches were put in; but the most seriously wounded

man was really in bad case: a shell fragment—or, as was later proved, several fragments—had struck him in the back, and the internal havoc was terrible. The only thing to do meantime was to stop the hæmorrhage and keep the patient under morphia: as the ship's stock of the latter was small, other sufferers, who clamoured for its administration, were compelled to do without. On being told the reason for this deprivation, they behaved extremely well, and stuck it out without much complaining.

Not that it was anything like heroic work down there in our bilge-foul wardroom. The apartment was too small for much moving about; our cranky dining-table had to serve as operating-table; and in the middle of the whole messy business, the unimaginative A.B. who acted as our mess servant, and who had served ammunition to the forward gun without a quiver during all the engagement, wanted to set the table for breakfast! He was so much a creature of routine as all that: breakfast had to be ready at a certain hour, and the fact that the galley was overboard and that the wardroom had been turned into an improvised sick-bay did not alter his view-point in the least.

Whilst I was engaged below, the "Abandon Ship" boat returned, bringing four survivors from the submarine. They were a pitiful-looking crowd enough,—shivering in their

sodden clothes, and indescribably dirty. Unshaven, tousled of hair, it seemed impossible to associate them with a Navy that had always held a reputation for smartness. They were very frightened, too; and I rather incline to the opinion that the C.P.O. in the boat had regaled them with lurid stories of the fate reserved for men of their kidney once they were grasped by the long arm of the British Navy. Our C.P.O. strenuously denied that any such stories had been told, but—he was a careful and comprehensive liar when handling stores and such matters, and the leopard does not change his spots in a hurry. In any case, our prisoners were trembling with something more than cold; and the C.O. told me, in discussing the matter afterwards, that when they came aboard and lined up on the deck, they cast apprehensive glances at our spars, which seemed admirably adapted for summary executions.

It was evident that they were all suffering more or less from shell-shock: "looked like a lot of gibbering idiots," the C.O. said. Only one could speak English: he was the navigating warrant-officer; but he was suffering more than any of the others from the effects of the ordeal they had just passed through, and to obtain any coherent information from him was an impossibility. As none of us was able to speak a word of German, we were at something of a deadlock. What we chiefly wanted to know was whether

the sunken submarine had been cruising lone-handed, or in company; but spite of much questioning, the warrant-officer could not satisfy us. He merely stared at us with glassy eyes; and at any extraordinary sound, such as the thud-thud of the rudder or the dropping of a spanner on the plating of the engine-room, he started violently, and it was possible to see agony show in his face.

Only one of the four acted up to the accredited idea. He was disposed to be arrogant and uppish; he laughed when he was questioned; and his manner was so unbecoming his condition, that the remark made by the C.P.O. to the effect that he should be required to sing the Hymn of Hate as a solo, with his fellows in distress to join in the chorus, was to some extent justified, I think.

We had but the most indifferent accommodation for prisoners of war—practically every inch of the interior of the brig was crowded to bursting-point, and the damages in the mess-deck still further cramped our space; but we had to confine these survivors somehow, since the law of humanity forbade us tying spare shot to their heels and flinging them overboard. No doubt they deserved such treatment, but we had nothing to do with their deserts. Eventually a small unwholesome store-room up in the bows was cleared out, and into this apartment, unlighted and peculiarly noisome on account of the bilgewater, they were established.

Be sure we, as a whole, were very jubilant at our success. We had justified our existence, and we had ridded the Mediterranean of one of its pests. Our camouflage had been ultimately successful: exactly how successful we did not then know, for lack of evidence from those we had hoodwinked. As ultimately turned out, however, information from the navigating warrant-officer being forthcoming at a later date, the commander of the U-boat had been very suspicious. He had secured information—from what source was never discovered—that sailing "Q" boats were being equipped at our Base, and he was determined to make sure of our real character before committing himself to a close-quarter action. Hence his torpedo and his long-range fire. We gathered that the opinion aboard the sunken submarine was that no "Q" boat could stand the treatment that had been served to us without exposing her identity; and that when we did open fire, the panic and confusion aboard the enemy craft was so complete as to paralyse the crew. The commander was killed at our second salvo, and the engines were also so badly damaged that manœuvring was out of the question.

Since our prisoners were now helpless, they ceased to be enemies, and a rough meal was served to them; they were also given a tot of much-diluted grog apiece. This seemed to hearten them considerably; they lost something of their

frozen hopelessness and began to talk in low voices amongst themselves. Two of them also tried to make friends with the crew; but their advances were received with suspicion and coldness. Our men could not rid themselves of the thought that if the positions had been reversed, death would have been their sentence and nothing less. In fact, amongst many other discussions that raged on the mess-decks after the engagement, was a quite serious one as to whether we should have been justified in abandoning the captives to drown—all save one, that is, as one survivor was necessary to prove our success to a sceptical element at the Base.

I informed the C.O. of the condition of our worst-wounded man; and this fact, together with the presence aboard of the prisoners—always a menace—decided him to head for port at the first opportunity. This, however, could not be done all at once. To proceed under engine-power was inviting detection, especially during daylight. A square-rigged vessel moving along at four or five knots in open water with hardly a breath of wind in the sky would be a dead give-away. Submarines were reputed to be fitted with hydrophones of an uncanny perfection; and if such hydrophones recorded a propeller's beats when no ship legitimately equipped with a propeller was in sight, only one inference could be drawn by such German commanders as might be in the vicinity. There was nothing to be done, there-

fore, save wait for a breeze or nightfall; meantime the work of repairing ship had to be done.

But before embarking on these repairs, a necessary function had to be performed. The wardroom had been provided prior to sailing with a modest supply of champagne—to be opened when the first U-boat was sunk or on the declaration of peace, whichever came first. To open the bubbly water was evidently indicated; also, the mess-decks had to drink success to Brig X and confusion to the Central Powers.

To supply them all with champagne was beyond our powers; but a few bottles of whisky were found, and an extra issue of grog took place on the mess-deck. As many men as could be spared from the deck were invited below, and our victory was celebrated in the approved fashion. The C.O. was not a speech-maker, and though he tried his best he uttered nothing of historical interest.

What he actually said was something like this: "Well, men, we've done it, and a d—d good job you've made of it, too. We've nothing to be ashamed of; but we mustn't get too cocky. And next time we get hit and set afire, don't let any man put the blaze out without orders, or I'll keelhaul him. Here's luck, and another Fritz before night!" These sentiments seemed to meet with the lower deck's complete approval; the C.P.O., as spokesman, tried to reply,

but beyond wishing us as much luck as he could expect for himself, he said very little.

An armed guard was mounted over the prisoners, breakfast was served, and the work of the ship went on as if nothing extraordinary had happened. The loss of our galley was a serious one; but certain members of the crew were adaptable. We boiled water for tea by means of the blow-lamps used for heating up the engines; sardines and biscuits sufficed to fill the gaps caused by the excitement of action; and the armourer's mate rigged up an improvised cooking-stove out of an oil-drum that worked wonders.

A detailed description of the ensuing repair-work would only be tedious. Fortunately we officers had all served in wind-jammers, and we had all been required to deal with mishaps of varying kinds; so, by dint of putting our heads together, we evolved schemes for restoring the shattered spars and rigging, and before the night fell the ship was seaworthy

again. The carpenter had plugged the shot-holes quite thoroughly, and it was only necessary to pump out the ship twice a watch instead of once, as had hitherto been the case. The officer of the watch performed this duty, in the intervals of maintaining his watch for further submarines.

But about four in the afternoon the breeze came away with increasing force. It was a dead-muzzler for our Base; and as speed of movement was necessary, it was decided to up-stick and run for a Sicilian port that lay almost dead to leeward. We tried to report our adventures by wireless; but our operator reported nothing but failure. We could not gain touch with a single station; and we did not persist too keenly, in case of enemy craft picking up our signals.

But I think we were all glad when night came and found us running well with a spanking breeze. Once the immediate strain was relieved, it was possible to realise how great it had been.

(To be continued.)

IRISH REALITIES.

STRANGE changes have taken place in Irish life—some before the war, some during the war, and some after its conclusion.

Changes social and economic have occurred everywhere, but in Ireland there has been something more—a change in the temperament and outlook of the majority of the people.

The objects of their former aspirations have now ceased to attract.

Every kind of concession, bounty, and amelioration has been granted. All these benefits seem only to increase their hatred of the grantors, and they have now arrived at a stage where they refuse to contemplate anything but the impossible and the unthinkable.

The old Irish landocracy is gone, or is fast disappearing.

It was often stupidly spoken of as the English Garrison.

To those who really know, it was the most Irish element in Ireland. Though for the most part alien in religion and traditions, it attracted the admiration and affection of the mass of the people for many decades of time. But the fierce waves of political agitation beat upon it and finally submerged it. To this day, one will occasionally find an old Irish peasant who regrets its passing, and sighs over the disappearance of the "Ould stock." England of her generosity sacrificed this class to gratify national aspirations.

Their once hospitable mansions know them no more: they are now occupied by resident magistrates, petty sessions clerks, and profiteers. The demesne is broken up; the trees are cut down; the lawns, on which many generations of happy children played, are now potato-fields. The stables and kennels are in ruins. There is no longer any cheery rural life in the countryside.

But there is abundant prosperity: everybody has money. The rack-rented farm which the English sentimentalists wept over will at a sale bring in forty or fifty years' purchase of the original rent.

What, then, is the matter?

Why is everybody not contented?

The farmer is a capitalist; the labourer has a comfortable sanitary house, and wages beyond his highest expectations in the past.

What has happened to the people who were once the most light-hearted of all races?

Not even a stranger could fail to see that the country is living in an atmosphere of terror and nervous apprehension.

The kindly sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who was the friend and adviser of everybody in the district, is now shunned as a leper; people fear to be seen speaking to him.

His children are boycotted at school and at chapel.

But something worse sometimes happens. There comes a day when the sergeant's wife is going about distracted, her face livid with terror—the police patrol has not come back. Mysterious motor-cars, full of strange men, hardly disguised, have passed down the road. At length a wounded constable arrives, with the news that the sergeant and one of his men have been shot down from behind a hedge. The people are afraid to show any sympathy with the suffering family; the funeral is attended mainly by the police and military. On the following Sunday the parish priest will denounce the murder, and will describe the deceased as popular and respected, adding that nobody in the district could have had any hand in the crime. There is nobody now to give adequate expression to the horror that is felt by all decent folk. The landlord is down and out, and there is no wholesome middle-class opinion in Ireland.

This Anglo-Irish race, until the evil days came upon it, was famous all over the world.

It gave the Empire many of its greatest generals, some admirals, and some statesmen and diplomatists. It never failed to produce dare-devil sons and beautiful daughters. Among the English county families, who are notably well-favoured in looks, one is pretty sure to find an Irish girl in the line of descent. In the Great War the sons established a noble record. Every one of them who was of military age, and many who were under or

over (not without the use of guile and sundry devices), managed to get to the Front at a very early stage: a large number of them never returned. The great feature of the race was its vivacity,—it laughed through its misfortunes, and the world was happier for its joviality.

But what has supplanted it?

Something deadly, sinister, amorphous, that does the work of darkness, fearless of God or man.

Take the ordinary specimen. He is a thin sallow youth; his hair is black and long; he wears a soft dark hat; his clothes are quite becoming and fairly out; his eyes are feverishly bright. He has the air and bearing of one who is suffering some intolerable wrong. He is generally silent, but can be induced to talk on occasions. You point out to him that all the old grievances of Ireland have been removed. There is complete religious equality—the people have local government and municipal government in the fullest sense. A National University has been provided out of public funds; the land is vested in the occupier at a cost of 200 millions to the taxpayer; the once congested districts are prosperous under paternal management; labourers' cottages are all over the country. Ireland is absurdly over-represented in Parliament. Scotland and Wales are not treated in this generous way, and they are content. What grievance has been left unredressed? He replies: "What we want and

will have is that the English and all who belong to them should clear out of Ireland. We will not allow their language to be spoken here in any place. We will take nothing less than a Republic, and a Republic that will pay England back for the past." The gospel of hate is written on his features; he is incapable of a laugh, a smile, or a sigh. These who have made him what he is have done their work well. His Church has excoited his hatred against England from the cradle as the great heretic power.

The gist of every agitator's speech has been the tyranny and oppression of England. The underpaid National School teacher, in the bitterness of his soul, has brought him up to believe that the English are pirates and vampires and have always been suoking the life-blood out of Ireland.

England (and in the term he includes Great Britain) has inflicted on him a new insult which will never be forgiven.

She has thoroughly beaten Germany.

It was always his delight to ridicule the British Army and rejoice over its defeats by the Boers, the Arabs, or any other enemy. Now this despised army has been the chief element in laying low the greatest of military powers. He tried to disguise the painful fact as long as possible, making out that it was America that had done it. But America makes no such claim, and in Germany no doubt has ever been expressed as to which was the

protagonist and the real conquering power.

The White Ensign still rules the seas, and the armies of the Empire have not been destroyed, as he had fondly hoped. Their military reputation stands higher than at any period of their history.

But we must give him his due. He is not without virtues of a kind.

He is attentive to his religious duties.

He is temperate in the use of alcohol.

When he raids a dwelling-house for arms, he usually abstains from wanton injury to the premises, or undue cruelty to the occupiers, if they make no resistance.

He shows none of the mean greed that characterised the methods of the Land League in the day of its power.

He sometimes exhibits desperate courage, and always discipline.

He is not guilty of the unspeakable brutality of the German, or Russian Bolshevik.

He has beyond doubt a conscience, but he has come to terms with it.

Unlimited mendacity has always been a favoured political weapon in Ireland from O'Connell's time, and he makes full use of it in the United States and at home.

Though always collecting arms and high explosives, and always secretly drilling, he has no intention of taking the field; he has discovered a much safer method of carrying on hostilities in organised murder. He satisfies his con-

science by calling this war. It only means, he says, killing the enemy garrison—police-men, soldiers, and magistrates.

Any attempt at defence on the part of the victim is much resented. If the hated soldiery or police were to treat his assemblies and gatherings as a combatant enemy, the outcries of all classes of Nationalists would cleave the heavens.

This one-sided war is highly popular. It is a case of "*Tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*" There is practically no danger. The enemy can be sniped from behind—in the streets of the capital, or at fairs and public gatherings in the country.

There must be many witnesses of these occurrences, but there is not the smallest chance that anybody will give evidence. Large rewards are offered in vain. The majority of the people have a kind of perverted sympathy with the crime; the residue are made dumb by terror.

If the beaten Confederate States of America had adopted this method against the Federal troops after the Civil War, or if the Germans had tried it against the armies of occupation, drastic things would have happened, and a very sudden stoppage would have been put to this kind of war.

But in the case of Ireland the Englishman can hardly ever bring himself to do anything drastic. Ireland is for ever shrieking over her wrongs and woes, and her shrieking has got on England's nerves. In the Rebellion of 1916 many hundreds of British soldiers

and loyal citizens were shot down in the Dublin streets. In return, fourteen or fifteen of the chief rebels were tried by court-martial and shot.

This has now come to be looked upon as a kind of outrage to be added to the long list of English wrongs. Accordingly the one-sided war goes on, and no strong step is taken to check it. But it is quite ineffective. Nothing comes of it all except the sorrow of the wives and children of the murdered men. The moral of the police and military remains unshaken. Nobody seems to realise the disgrace that will affect the country for generations.

The Irishman, who used to be popular in Great Britain, in the United States, and in the Dominions, now gets the cold shoulder. Nobody will employ him who can get any other for the work.

Coercive measures cannot be relaxed while systematic crime prevails. If the crime were to cease, coercion would cease at once, and the ordinary administration of the law would be resumed.

It was at one time thought that Ulster could be brought over to the rest of Ireland by a process of conciliation.

Nobody ventures to make such a suggestion now.

The Unionist part of Ulster contemplates the organised crime that is practically encouraged by the attitude of the majority in the South and West with inexpressible loathing and horror.

They repeat what they have

asserted from the beginning—that every scheme of Home Rule is nothing but *camouflage*; that it was only a half-way house to an independent and hostile republic; that the Irish Nationalist would treacherously rise and strike England in the back at the critical moment when engaged in war with some strong foreign power. All this has happened, they say, and it has proved their views to be well founded. They declare more resolutely than ever that they will die to the last man before they will allow themselves and their children to come under the control of an Irish Parliament. The Sinn Féiner, on the other hand, says that no compromise is possible—that in the blessed newly-applied word “self-determination” is involved the forcible inclusion of Ulster in the Irish Republic.

It is in vain you assure him that no conceivable British Government could for a moment entertain the proposal to tolerate an Irish Republic at its door. He persists that nothing else will suffice, implying that the policy of assassination will go on until the required concession is given. That is the situation, and a more hopeless deadlock has never occurred in human affairs. At this stage the Prime Minister appears with his Bill, the result of much discussion and anxious thought. The central idea of it is that part of Ulster must be saved from destruction, and that the rest of Ireland is to be abandoned to work out its own

salvation or damnation as the case may be. The police, who have been engaged in their long struggle with crime, are after three years to be handed over to their enemies, and a like fate overtakes the loyalists outside the part of Ulster so reserved. Nobody who knows the situation can have any hope that this experiment will be successful. However well meant, it has no friends in Ireland who will take it up and work it honestly. Can anybody suggest anything better? Nobody. It is idle to talk of the bankruptcy of statesmanship or to reiterate that a settlement must be found. There are some puzzles that admit of no solution. If the Irish situation were produced in a Greek play, now would be the time for the Divinity to descend. By his godlike power he could compose all discords and lead all the parties to unite in a happy consummation.

In the absence of a *deus ex machina* is everything at an end?

The only thing that gives rise to hope is that Ireland is a land of surprises. Things that are impossible elsewhere become possible here. The spirit of change is always at work in some direction. A change of temperament and a change of ideals may suddenly come, unforeseen by anybody. In short, a kind of miracle may take place. In no country is the personality of a man so potent. Out of a welter of confusion and chaos a great man may sud-

denly appear and do a great man's work. He may come from the Catholic Church, or he may even come from Ulster. A new age has dawned upon the world. The nations that look forward with confidence will enter into its blessings; those that will only look back must sink into the pit of destruction. Ever vainly brooding over the wrongs of the past, the Ireland of the majority is to-day hopeless and without a future. But the coming of the man of inspiration may effect a great change. A voice may be heard that will appeal to all that is best in her heart, and in answer she may take her place with her sister peoples in the march of progress and walk with them into the light of day.

IGNOTUS.



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FOLLOW THE LITTLE PICTURES!

BY ALAN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER XVI.

I RETURNED to Hopeton, accompanied a good part of the way by Betty, who was eager to hear Morgan's story. I told it to her as we walked, and we made our first effort to solve the mystery of the cipher while we rested upon the dyke of the old Roman road.

It was a lovely evening in June, but we were too deep in our puzzle to take notice at the time of the wonderful panorama spread beneath us. For my own part, I must admit that though the scenery had no charms for me, I was not so wrapt up in the solution of the cipher but that I was conscious of the charm of my companion. The soft strands of her glistening hair swept my cheek as we bent together over the paper, and my fingers touched hers—more or less accidentally—as we drew one another's attention to the peculiarities of the "little pictures." It is small wonder that I did not concentrate the whole of my attention upon the problem before us.

"I have never seen a real cipher before," said Betty gleefully. "I don't suppose we shall solve it straight away if all Mr Morgan's experts have failed. Still, let's have a try."

It was easy to say "have a

try," but looking at the document did not seem to help us much.

"I know what the first little picture is," continued Betty hopefully. "That is the Hopeton crest."

"I expect even Morgan has guessed that, as he wears it in a ring on his finger," I replied. "It is repeated at the bottom, so I expect it means no more than that Hamish set his seal to the paper."

"You're not very encouraging, you know," remarked Betty, turning her brown eyes on me comically. "I have a good mind to let you solve the cipher for yourself."

"Don't do that," I begged earnestly, placing my hand over hers upon the paper. "I'm sure we shall get on better together than apart."

But Betty only laughed and carelessly took her hand away from mine.

"Don't be silly, Bob," she said, and turned again to the paper.

I sighed and strove to give the little pictures my full attention, but I knew that it was impossible whilst Betty was by.

"What I should like to know is if these things mean the things they look like, or if they are only symbols for something else," my companion went on merrily.

"If you were anybody but the most gorgeous and delectable young woman on earth, I should be compelled to tell you that you are talking rot," I replied lazily.

"Without admitting your adjectives, which are absurd, I insist that I am not talking rot. This is what I mean. Here is a thing like an anchor. Does it really mean an anchor, or is it only a symbol? It might be a symbol for the sea, or a ship, or even for hope. Do you understand me now, fat-head?"

"I see what you are driving at, but I have no ideas on the subject at all."

In truth my eyes were more on Betty than on the paper. The solution of cryptograms had lost all charm for me at the moment. To watch Betty knit her fair brows and purse her pretty lips interested me to the exclusion of all thought of such a mundane affair as treasure.

"If only we had some idea of the system on which the thing was made!" exclaimed Betty.

I chuckled contentedly.

"What does it matter to us?" I said. "Let the Tanishes worry it out among themselves. It is they who will profit by it if ever the treasure is found. *We don't stand to gain a sou!*"

"Who ever hunted treasure for the sake of the mere filthy lucre?" demanded Betty in mock anger. "I am as keen as if it were all to be mine. I must have a copy of the little pictures. Mr Morgan won't mind. Let's make it now. It need only be very rough."

So I pulled out an old envelope and made a sketch of the diagrams on the back of it for her.

"By the way," I said as I handed it to her, "why is Morgan so open and talkative about all this? It is the sort of thing that one keeps to oneself."

"That is easily explained. Mr Morgan is a good judge of character. He knows perfectly well that his secret is safe with us. Neither of us is in the least likely to let it go any further. As for wanting to give each of the Tanishes a copy of this—that is only his sporting instinct. Your Mr Morgan is a real good sport!"

"Perhaps you are right, Betty," I agreed. "The same reason, namely, that it is not likely to go any further, compels me to tell you something that I have kept to myself so far."

"Go ahead," said Betty. "I shan't give you away."

"It is something that I can't understand. When I told you how I had found Roy's wife wounded in the wood, I did not mention the fact that at the time corresponding to the shot I heard in the darkness, the Laird was out with a shotgun. I found that out from Marigold. When he came in he was very irritable, as you know, because it was then that he turned your father out of the house."

"And you think it was the Laird who shot Marie?" asked Betty, her eyes wide with surprise.

"I must admit that, until

to-day, I have suspected him of it. But now that you have discovered that these two are quite friendly, my theory seems incredible; and if so, who shot Roy's wife in the wood?"

"It might have been an accident. Some poacher——"

"Too early in the evening for a poacher, I am afraid. To me there seem only to be two likely persons. Until now I have suspected the Laird; but after what you have found out to-night, does it not seem probable that the Laird and Marie met in the wood by appointment, and that Roy, discovering this, fired the shot in a moment of wild rage. He may even have intended to hit his father. That would account for the state of mind he was in when I found him."

"It's all theory, Bob," said Betty, shaking her head. "You haven't really got evidence on which to suspect either of them. I should hate to think that either Roy or his father had taken to manslaughter. I have known them both all my life, and with Roy I have always been friendly."

I said no more at the time, but the problem worried me. Some one had shot Marie Tanish, and it seemed to me that one or other of these two men must be guilty.

Betty and I continued to talk things over for some time, and before we parted it was arranged that I should come into Kilbrennan as often as it was possible for me to get away, in order that there should be no delay if Morgan left a message for me.

As I walked the rest of the way back to Hopeton alone, I pondered on all I had heard and speculated on what was likely to happen.

I had to see Marigold alone and give her the copy of the little pictures. How much should I tell her? The more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that my best plan was to tell her as much as possible of Morgan. She might then see him in a better light. I felt interested in his love for her; and so much had the man's quiet strength of purpose impressed me, that I was sure in my heart that what he wanted he would get in the end.

Of one thing I was certain. Marigold would not keep the cipher to herself. Morgan had left her free to show it to the Laird, and there could be no doubt that she would do so. How he would act it was impossible to guess. If he had really a secret understanding with Roy's wife, would he take her into his confidence and share this latest knowledge with her?

Laird Tanish was a man of such primitive passions and desires that one could not count upon his acting according to any conventional principles. I felt that if he imagined that he had the key to the treasure in his hand, he was quite capable of ignoring any arrangement he had come to with Roy's wife.

And she? This Belgian woman of the pale face and dark hair was to me a mysterious figure. For myself, I

had seen her only in a moment of stress; but all I had heard and all I had deduced made me think of her as one whom it would be unwise to trust far. She had, apparently, played a double game with Roy and his father. She had surreptitiously married the son in the father's absence. She had stolen from the Laird the only paper he possessed bearing upon the treasure, but she had not disclosed her theft to her husband. Now it seemed almost as if she were in league with the Laird against Roy.

Did she realise that the key to the mystery was in the hands of Morgan? Probably it was she who had originated his invitation to Blackdykes, with a view to finding out what he knew.

Where did Roy stand in all this muddle and intrigue? He seemed to be the only one who knew nothing of the Hopeten treasure. Things were in train around him of which he had

not an inkling. But as I pondered over the ins and outs of the affair, it seemed to me that here was a sleeping volcano which, when roused, it might be impossible to control.

Betty had told me something of his character. He was honest and open, if hot-headed. How would he act if he found that his wife had a secret understanding with his father—if he discovered that she was no better than a common thief—if it turned out that the Laird was responsible for the wound in Marie's breast?

There was fear in my heart as I thought of these possibilities.

As I neared Hopeten I cast my speculations behind me. After all, it was none of my business. I was only the tutor of a child who at least was clear of all these complications. I had a message to deliver to Marigold, and once that was off my mind I had no further responsibility.

CHAPTER XVII.

The first thing I did upon my return to Hopeten was to retire to my room and execute a careful copy of the little pictures for my own use. Problems—particularly chess problems—had always intrigued me, and I was determined to test my ingenuity on this cipher. In making a copy for myself I was doing nothing underhand, for Morgan had entrusted me with his secret without reservation.

Should I succeed in solving the problem I would immediately hand over the solution to him. I had no personal claim upon the treasure—if it existed.

The next thing was to make an opportunity to see Marigold privately. I knew that as soon as supper was over I should have to sit down to chess with the Laird, so there was nothing for it but to leave my interview with Marigold until next morning.

At supper I was relieved to find the Laird quite himself. It proved that he and Roy had not met. He was in one of his most genial humours, when one would have taken him for a type of the best of county gentry. After supper he sat down to the chess table, nothing dismayed by his many defeats, and as keen as ever upon the wellnigh hopeless task of beating me.

Chess is a game which requires an almost complete mental concentration, and I soon noticed that the Laird's mind was not as devoted to the pieces on the board as usual. Though keen to win, his thoughts would wander off to another subject, so that he made blunders quite below his usual form. I could have cornered him early in the game, but it was not policy to beat him too easily. I did not want him to lose his interest in chess, as it gave me a hold upon him which I could not otherwise hope to retain.

Little as he guessed it, I had a pretty fair idea of the subject of his thoughts. I would have given much to have known more of them. That his compact with his daughter-in-law was in his mind there could be no doubt, but the compact itself was beyond my knowledge, though not out of reach of my curiosity.

"Ah! Tohk, tohk, stupid!" he exclaimed at last. "You've got me again, Seaton! I didn't see the object of that king's knight there. But it was a fine game, a fine game. Why,

it's past eleven! Time for bed, I suppose."

I yawned, wished him good-night, and taking my candle from the hall table, went off to my room. I did not go to bed at once, however. My mind was too full of the little pictures. I had them out again, and by the dim light of my candle I pored over their obscurities.

I had not much success. In addition to the Hopeton crest at top and bottom, I made out what I took to be an anchor, but I could attach little meaning to that. The three rows of zigzag lines near the top of the paper reminded me of the representations of the sea, as it is shown in old woodcuts. Thus I had two symbols suggesting the sea. Framed in a square of stars appeared what might be a pile of rocks.

I determined that next day I would carry my copy to the shore, and seek inspiration there.

I suppose I must have spent quite half an hour over the puzzle, when I became aware of movements in the hall below.

"The Laird must have sat late," I thought, and pictured him hovering over the chess-board, playing over the game he had lost, minus the mistakes he had made. I knew every one else had gone to bed long before he and I had finished our game, for ten o'clock was considered a late hour at Hopeton.

I listened, expecting each moment to hear his footsteps pass my door as he went to

his room, but instead of that I heard certain muffled sounds from the hall, ending in the creaking of the big house door. Then a click, as if the door had been quietly closed.

I blew out my candle and listened. Had some one gone out, or had some one been let in? That point was soon settled. The sounds in the hall ceased, and I heard the faint crunching of the loose gravel in the carriage-drive. I stepped to my window and, pulling the curtain aside, peered out. There was no moon, but it was a clear starry night, and it was easy to distinguish a dark object, which must be a human figure, moving down the drive. I could not see clearly enough to make out who it was, but there could be little doubt that it was the Laird himself.

Where could he be going? What could be his purpose? Perhaps, strictly speaking, it was none of my business, but I could not let it go at that. I knew that his sole interest, outside of chess, was the mystery of the treasure, and that this midnight expedition must be in some way connected with it. I could do no harm by following him, and I felt that I might learn something that would be of value to Marigold.

My decision was soon taken. I slipped on a dark overcoat and a cap, and ran silently downstairs, carrying my boots in my hand. I managed to open the door more quietly than my predecessor had done, and having paused to pull on my boots, I crossed the gravel

as quietly as possible and started off running down the grass margin of the drive.

Soon I heard footsteps, and slackened my pace. Occasionally when a break occurred in the thick avenue of trees, I could see a dim dark figure ahead of me in the gloom, but mostly I had to be guided by the footsteps upon the gravel.

Out upon the highroad beyond there was more light, but this was rather a disadvantage than otherwise, for it made it more difficult for me to follow unobserved. I kept well in under the dark shadow of the hedge, however, and though I stumbled occasionally upon the uneven ground I managed to keep within sight or sound of my quarry.

We did not follow the main road far. About a third of a mile down the road the sound of footsteps ceased, and, peering ahead, I could see no sign of the dark shadowy figure upon the road. For the moment I thought I had lost him, and then I realised that just ahead lay the spot where the path branched off towards the fox cover—the very path that I always chose for my excursions into Kilbrennan.

I hurried forward, forgetting my discretion in my anxiety to recover the scent. There was a low stile separating the main road from the by-path, and I had crossed it, and was peering eagerly ahead, when some large black object flashed through the sky immediately above me—I was conscious of a terrific crash upon

my head—and I fell stunned across the path.

I was not knocked entirely senseless, but was dazed and stupefied by the blow, and badly shaken by the shock of my fall. I saw dimly a dark form looming over me, and guessed from the pose that he was preparing to launch another blow at my head. I could see his raised arms against the blue-black luminous sky, and some huge weapon suspended over me.

"Hold!" I shouted hearsely, just in time to prevent a repetition of the blow that had felled me.

"Who are you, then, and what right have you to track me like a thief?"

It was the voice of the Laird. The weapon was lowered, and a moment later an electric torch was flashed in my face.

"Seaton! God, I thought it was Roy!"

I was still so dazed with the blow that I made no attempt to reply, or to rise to my feet.

"What the devil do you mean by following me? Can't I take a quiet stroll before going to bed without being watched like a lunatic? What right have you to interest yourself in my affairs? I would have you remember that you are nothing but a paid servant here—paid to do what you are told—not to dog your master's steps, or listen at keyholes like a slattern slandering scullery-maid!"

When the Laird grew angry he generally became rather

loose in his expressions. Even in my dazed condition I realised that I must not sit quiet under his denunciations, or I would for ever lose what influence I had gained over him. I struggled to my feet with some difficulty, my head pulsating with pain.

"You have no right to talk to me like that," I exclaimed in a tone that matched his. "What you mean by this unprovoked assault on me I have no idea, but if you were a younger man I should not stop to argue with you about it."

"Unprovoked assault!" he repeated. "Unprovoked! When I am dogged from my own house as if I were a burglar, or worse!"

"And how should I know who it was who slipped out at midnight and made off into the darkness?" I demanded. "Is it not natural enough, if I have the interests of the family at heart, that I should follow such a mysterious character?"

He seemed somewhat taken aback at this view of the case, and by the fact that I adopted his own bullying manner, but he would not climb down all at once.

"No man has a right to follow me in such an underhand way," he repeated, but with less emphasis and conviction.

"If your own behaviour were less open to suspicion," I replied, "an incident of this kind could not occur. Would an innocent person lie in wait behind a hedge and fell a man on suspicion of following him?"

Surely only a guilty conscience——”

“No, no, Seaton! you assume too much,” the Laird interrupted, obviously taken aback by my accusations. “There’s nothing suspicious about a man taking a breath of fresh air before he goes to bed. As to this—accident, you must admit that nobody likes to feel that he’s being shadowed. Fortunately there’s no great harm done, so we can more or less cry quits.”

No great harm done! The Laird did not own my aching head, or he might not have been so off-hand. I pointed this out somewhat forcibly and actually wrung a kind of apology from him.

“We’ve both made mistakes,” he said. “You followed me thinking I was a burglar or something of the sort, and I took you for—for—well, let us say it was a case of mistaken identity on both sides.”

I remembered his words—“God, I thought it was Roy!” and wondered what would have been the upshot if it had indeed been Roy who had fallen beneath his blow.

There was nothing to be gained by prolonging the interview. I could not hope to discover anything further. As a matter of form I asked the Laird if he was returning to the house.

“I think I’ll continue my stroll,” he answered. “Don’t let me keep you from your bed, though. And accept my thanks for your interest in the family welfare. It has had a poor return to-night, but at least

you did what you thought right. I’m sorry about your head. Good-night.”

“Good-night,” I echoed, and, turning on my heel, I started back towards Hopeton. I looked back once, and saw the dark indistinct figure of the Laird standing where I had left him. Evidently he meant to make sure that he was alone before he resumed his evening stroll.

I felt not only physically but mentally uncomfortable. My head throbbed as if the top had been lifted off it, but what hurt me more was the feeling that the Laird had thoroughly got the better of me. I had walked into a trap like a born bungler. My only comfort was that I had convinced him that I had done it innocently—that I was more fool than knave.

As I walked back in this ignominious fashion my head began to clear, though it was still painful. There was one point that had intrigued me ever since the Laird’s attack, and suddenly I solved the puzzle.

What was the strange weapon with which he had struck me down? Now that my senses were clear again, I could see it silhouetted against the deep blue-black sky, as surely as though it had been daylight. It was a spade! The flat of it had struck me down, but I firmly believed that that was due to luck, and not to any forbearance on the part of my assailant.

Spades, however, are not common objects of the country-

side, nor do elderly gentlemen arm themselves with such weapons as a measure of self-protection. Where, then, could the Laird be going, close upon midnight, carrying such a tool with him? The obvious answer to that question was—treasure-seeking!

Yet it seemed absurd! The Laird could have no definite idea as to the location of the treasure. That could only be obtained from Hamish's cipher. Surely he would not go out digging indiscriminately about the countryside—more especially on a dark moonless night!

The only other clue that I had was the direction in which he had gone, and even that was very indefinite. He had turned off from the main road towards the fox-cover, which would suggest that he was

making for Kilbrennan—or Blackdykes. But assuming that he had become aware of my presence early in my pursuit, he would naturally have turned into the by-path in order to lie in wait for me. Altogether, then, I was quite at a loss to account for my employer's midnight expedition, and I returned to Hopeten feeling very far from satisfied with myself.

Evidently I was a failure as a sleuth. I had acquired a cracked crown—I had put myself in a false position with the Laird and risked losing my influence over him—and I had learnt nothing.

Fortunately I had at least had forethought enough to leave the door unlatched when I went out, so I was able to return to my room unheard.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For the first time since my arrival in the North, the Laird did not put in an appearance at breakfast.

"Father is not feeling well this morning," Marigold explained, as she took her place at the foot of the table. "He complains of a touch of rheumatism."

I expressed regret, and congratulated myself upon the opportunity afforded me of speaking to Marigold alone. Duncan had his meals with the housekeeper, Mrs Cunningham, so we were quite by ourselves.

"I have a message for you, Miss Tanish," I began.

Marigold looked up with a show of interest, and just a touch of a quizzical smile.

"Indeed! From Betty?"

"No. From another friend of yours. But what made you think it must be Betty?"

Marigold laughed lightly.

"I guessed the person whom you were most likely to have seen lately."

I thought it best to leave this topic and get back on the main line.

"No, it was not Betty. I met Jabez Morgan yesterday!"

A deep flush flooded Marigold's face, and she looked down quickly as if to hide the expression in her eyes. Then

the blood flowed back, and left her paler than before.

"Jabez Morgan here!" she exclaimed. "Does my father know?"

"No. Morgan leaves it entirely to your discretion as to his being told. Will you hear the message?"

Marigold was silent for a little while. I would have given much to know what was passing through her mind. At last she looked up and met my eyes.

"I think I can trust you, Dr Seaton, to have brought me no message that will not . . . interest me."

"Good!" I answered. "In the first place, I am commissioned to give you this."

I placed the copy of the cipher before her, and watched her expression as she examined it.

"What is it? A joke?" she asked after a puzzled look at the paper.

"No joke, but the key to the treasure that your father has been searching for so long."

"What do you know of it?" demanded Marigold, quite taken aback.

"Morgan has told me the whole story," I replied. "I understand now the meaning of your journey to America. He has been very open with me, even to the extent of showing me this key to the treasure. He wished you to understand that he has no idea of the meaning of this, and that you have the same chance of solving it as he has himself. He has given the paper to you, but you are quite at liberty to

pass it on to Laird Tanish if you wish."

"And for all these favours—what does he ask in return?" Marigold's tone was suspicious. Evidently she did not trust Morgan.

"Nothing," I replied. "He asked me to say that it would be a great pleasure to him if you would meet him and talk the matter over with him, but he has given you this copy of the cipher freely and without conditions."

"I have no wish to meet Mr Morgan," said Marigold coldly.

"Very well," I answered promptly, "I shall let him know."

"One moment—where is he?" she asked hesitatingly.

"I am not permitted to tell you where he is staying, but he is in the neighbourhood, and I can carry a message to him. He will then meet you at any spot you care to appoint."

"I have said that I have no wish to meet him," she insisted.

"I know," I agreed, and awaited her next remark.

"What good could come from such a meeting?" she asked, as if speaking to herself.

I merely raised my eyebrows slightly. It seemed to me that the best way to help Morgan's cause was to make Marigold advocate it herself.

"He could tell me no more than you have done already."

"No, of course not!" I agreed.

"Yet I believe you are wrong," she retorted illogically. "There are many things that

are not clear. What does he mean by sending this to me rather than to my father? What does he propose should be done with the treasure if one of us finds it? The more one thinks of it the more necessary it seems that some one should see Mr Morgan again."

I could not resist the temptation to answer.

"I could take a message."

I could afford to do so now, for I was sure in my mind that Marigold was determined to meet Morgan. Perhaps I was influenced a little by a desire to get my own back for Marigold's insinuation about Betty earlier in our interview.

Marigold was rather taken aback by my proposal. She hesitated before she replied.

"Perhaps that would hardly be courteous," she said at last, with heightened colour. "Mr Morgan has been generous, we must admit, in sending me this cipher. If it can be managed, it would be better that I should thank him myself."

"It can easily be arranged," I replied. "You have only to mention time and place, and Morgan will be there."

"I think I had better see him before I speak to father of this. In that case, it would be well that my father should not accidentally find us together. . . . He would misunderstand."

"I quite agree with you, Miss Tanish. How would the fox-cover do? It is not very far away, and it is secluded."

"Very well. Make it the

fox-cover. When could Mr Morgan be there?"

"I think I can have him on the spot by half-past two this afternoon."

I was ready with my answers, for in expectation of Marigold agreeing to meet Morgan, I had previously fixed up the appointment in my mind.

"Thank you, Dr Seaton," she said. "I shall leave the arrangements to you, then."

Notwithstanding her apparent coldness, and her efforts to appear uninterested, I felt sure, by the unusual flush on her cheeks, and by the light in her eye, that Marigold was quite excited at the thought of meeting Morgan again. After all, the little man had succeeded in impressing his personality upon her, notwithstanding his apparent insignificance.

In the hall I met my pupil and patient, Duncan.

"Well, boy," I asked him, "are you game for a tramp over the hills this morning?"

"Yes, sir," he replied brightly.

He and I were good friends. I had thoroughly gained his confidence, and the look of fear had vanished from his eyes. He was beginning to look strong and healthy from the open-air life I led him. Although his father made no remark, I felt sure that he had noted the change.

We set out by the old Roman Road for Kilbrennan, for I must see Betty as early as possible, in order that Morgan could be warned of the appointment I had made for him.

By a lucky chance, whom

should I find waiting on the docter's doorstep when we got to the village, but Morgan himself. I sent Duncan to make a few small purchases for me in the local shops, and followed him in as the maid opened the door.

"Good morning, Seaton," said he, as we met in the hall. "Any news?"

"Good news, from your point of view," I replied.

"Ha, ha! The conspirators," exclaimed Betty, coming out of the dining-room to meet us. "Come along inside and let me hear everything. I am consumed by curiosity since I was let into all your secrets."

Morgan grinned cheerfully, and we sat down to discuss developments.

"First of all — your news, Seaton," Morgan demanded eagerly.

"The lady grants you an interview," I replied.

"You are a benefactor, Seaton! However did you manage it?"

"Your true diplomat never exposes his methods," I answered. "Be thankful that I have succeeded, and don't inquire into the process."

"This mystery business begins to grow on one," declared Betty. "Here is Bob Seaton, as innocent and harmless a young man as you could wish to see, trying to run a side-line in secrets of his own."

"I have another one, too," I admitted. "I had an adventure last night—or perhaps I should say a disaster."

"Tell us," demanded Betty peremptorily.

So I described to them how I had dogged the footsteps of the Laird, and with what result. I did not get much sympathy. Betty had a delightfully musical infectious laugh, and she used it so effectively that not only did Morgan join with her in laughing over my discomfiture, but I myself was forced to share in the merriment—if somewhat ruefully.

"Some diplomat — the Squire," declared Morgan. "There's nothing to beat a sock on the head with a blunt instrument when it comes to persuasion. I hope you didn't adopt his methods to gain me my interview with Marigold!"

"It's all very well to laugh," I grumbled, "but it hurts even now!"

My doleful tone increased their hilarity.

"You will never be a Sherlock Holmes, Bob," declared Betty. "I don't believe even Dr Watson would have run into such an obvious trap."

When they had tired of bantering me over my failure, we returned to the business of the day.

"How did you get on at Blackdykes, Mr Morgan?" asked Betty.

"I drove over with my traps, after you left me yesterday. Cousin Roy and his good lady are very hospitable, and I've got to remember that I'm their guest. In any case, there is nothing to report—except that everything goes to show that Roy and his wife don't hit it. Roy is a fine fellow. I took to him at once; but I feel sure that, as far as he is concerned,

love's young dream is over. As for the lady, I doubt if it ever began. I don't understand Mrs Roy. She treats me as an honoured guest, and all that; but I should judge her to be a woman who cares for nothing in this world or the next, except her own interest."

"Poor Marie," murmured Betty. "Yet, I am afraid I must agree with you. I could never get on with her, and I felt towards her just what you describe."

"I think she and her husband live in a state of armed neutrality," continued Morgan. "Of course they talk amiably in the presence of a stranger like myself; but I am sure that for some reason Roy has lost confidence in his wife."

"Did you not find it difficult to get away alone this morning?" I asked.

"Not a bit," replied Morgan. "As the distant American relative travelling for pleasure, they have made me free of their house. Roy has duties about the farm, and his wife about the house. I would only agree to stay with them on the understanding that they made no effort to entertain me."

"Have you shown Roy the little pictures?" asked Betty.

"No. So far I have said nothing. I shall wait until I have had a talk with Marigold. The state of war between Roy and the Squire complicates things. If we could only bring these two together, and then find this treasure and share it out equally amongst the inter-

ested parties, it would be a good job done."

"You will never do that," declared Betty. "The Monster of the Glen hates Roy too much, and I am afraid that your treasure—if it is ever found—is more likely to cause trouble than put an end to it."

"I hope you are wrong, Miss Forbes," said Morgan. "But from the opinion I have formed of you—if you will forgive the liberty—I'd be inclined to back your instincts. However, I do hope you are wrong."

"Anyhow, the treasure is not yet found," said Betty. "Perhaps it would be better if it is never found. Have you solved the little pictures yet, Bob?"

"I thank you for the implied compliment," I answered. "Considering that Morgan has been worrying at the thing for months, and has employed all sorts of experts to solve it for him, you can hardly expect me to work it out in one night."

"Especially as your brains must have been rather shaken up in the course of the evening," said Betty maliciously.

"You treat my adventure as a joke," I protested. "But neither of you has suggested an explanation of the Laird going out at midnight armed with a spade."

"You are right, Seaton," said Morgan. "It's a queer start. I can't make head or tail of it."

"I suppose he can't possibly have found the treasure without the little pictures?" suggested Betty.

Morgan shook his head.

"You must remember," he said, "that we don't even know for certain that the dollars were planted in this district. They may be anywhere in Scotland. The little pictures are the only chance."

"And I, even if I haven't solved them, have at least a clue," I declared.

"Really, Bob?" exclaimed Betty excitedly. "Tell us!"

"No," I replied. "If you like to come out with me this afternoon, while Morgan is talking to Marigold, we can follow up my clue together."

"Rather!" agreed Betty. "You *are* a wonderful chap, Bob!"

"Remember," I said cautiously, "it's a very little clue, and it may take us on quite a false scent."

"Never mind. Better that than no scent at all. I am all for treasure-seeking."

Morgan and I left soon after. I found Duncan waiting for me by the village cross, as he had done more than once before. We took Morgan with us by the hill road, and I pointed out the fox-cover and then directed him to Blackdykes.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dinner was at one o'clock at Hopeton. The Laird put in an appearance, and treated me in his usual friendly manner, making no reference to the incident of the previous night. I inquired after his rheumatism, which, he told me, had improved, but which he meant to humour to the extent of lying down during the afternoon.

This suited my plans excellently. I handed Duncan over to Mrs Cunningham, and soon after two o'clock set out, accompanied by Marigold, over the path which I had already covered in the morning. My companion was silent. I judged her to be busy with her own thoughts.

We were first at the meeting-place, but looking down the grassy slopes towards Blackdykes I could see a small figure that I recognised as

Morgan hurrying upwards towards us.

"I shall leave you now, Miss Tanish," I said. "I have an appointment at Kilbrennan."

Marigold seemed startled. She had evidently counted on my presence to soften the embarrassment of the meeting. She put her hand on my arm for a moment as if to hold me back. Then her pride came to her aid and she withdrew it.

"Very well, Dooter," she said. "If you should chance to see Betty Forbes, give her my love."

"It is strange that you should have mentioned Betty," I returned unabashed, "for it is she whom I am going to meet."

I hurried off as I saw Morgan approaching, and made my way to Kilbrennan, where I found Betty impatiently awaiting

me. The old doctor was smoking his after-dinner pipe when I was shown in, and he greeted me heartily.

"An' whaur are you bairns gaun gallivantin' the day?" he asked as he saw Betty put on a wide sun-hat.

"Treasure-hunting, Dad!" answered Betty laughingly.

"Ay, ay, I daursay," said the old man smiling. "An' you'll no' ha'e faur tae spier for it, I'm thinkin', by the looks o' the pair o' ye."

He looked upon us with an indulgent eye, as he read this meaning into Betty's words. I glanced at her quickly, and a faint flush spread over her face.

"You'll be back tae tea, Seaton?" asked the Doctor as we went out.

I thanked him, and followed Betty down the street.

"Now then, Bob, which way?" she asked eagerly, as I joined her.

"Down the Crosland Brae to the shore," I replied.

As we went, Betty continued to ply me with questions, but I refused to be drawn. In truth, it was easy to refuse, for I had nothing to lead me to the sea except the zigzag lines in the cipher and the drawing of the anchor.

Below Kilbrennan the beach is fine sand and pleasant to walk on. Farther north, towards Hopeton, it changes to weedy rocks, with red sandstone cliffs some hundred feet high behind.

We followed the sea for a couple of miles until we reached the outlet of the Hopeton burn, which flowed down through a

gap in the cliffs. We had left the region of sandy beach and were now amidst a wilderness of rocks, amongst which were still pools, in which small fish darted hither and thither.

Betty had discarded her wide hat, which now hung by its ribbons on her arm. Her mass of rich red hair positively glowed in the sun, and her fair face was flushed with the exercise and the strong sea air. I thought of her father's words, and agreed in my mind that I, at least, did not need to search far for treasure. But having found it, dare I claim it as mine?

"Are we getting warm yet, Bob?" she cried, as I paused to look about me. She was poised upon top of a boulder, holding her skirts clasped round her, her face full of eagerness and expectation. For the moment my spirits flagged as I thought how intent she was upon the little pictures. It was the Hopeton treasure alone that was in *her* mind. However, it was too fine a day to be doleful, and Betty's company, even on such an impersonal quest as the treasure, was too merry to let me be long depressed.

"Physically, we are—or, at any rate, I am," I replied. "As to the treasure, I know no more than you. Let's sit down somewhere and follow the little pictures. We must have a point of vantage from which we can overlook the coast."

"Let's climb to a ledge on the cliff, then," suggested Betty.

The cliffs varied considerably in height and in steepness. In places thick patches of woodland covered the slopes, while the more precipitous portions were bare red rock. We made a survey, and found a slope that we could climb for a distance of perhaps fifty feet. There we came on a level grassy ledge that was just the spot for our purpose.

"Now, let us look at the pictures."

I produced my copy, and we bent over it together.

"My sole reason for bringing you here is these zigzag lines, and the anchor at the bottom," I explained.

"And what is the interpretation thereof?" asked Betty.

"Well, you will find in old woodcuts that the sea is represented by just such lines as these. Add to that the anchor, and you may agree that it was worth our while coming here to see if anything further would suggest itself."

"It's worth having come, because there was nothing better to be done, but it's thin, Bob, very thin. An anchor suggests ships, and I don't see how that can point to a treasure on land."

"Still, we may be able to see something—some contour of the shore or of the cliffs or of the rocks—that will put us on a further clue. Take this arrangement within the frame of stars. It looks rather like rocks."

"Yes, I thought that when I was examining it last night, It might be a cairn of stones," said Betty. "But every hill-

top in the countryside has a cairn on it, so *that* won't help us much."

"I don't agree with you there," I answered. "If we have satisfied ourselves that it is a cairn, we have learnt something definite. It is up to us then to find *which* cairn, for no doubt the little pictures lead to some definite spot."

"I can see some hill-climbing ahead of us if you decide on the cairn theory. But that does not fit in with your other picture of the sea, because there are no cairns about here. They are all inland."

"That's true," I admitted.

"There is another thing," said Betty. "You are taking it that the little pictures represent actual places, but may it not be done on other lines altogether. You know those puzzles where words are represented by pictures, such as 'I saw the cow,' where you draw an eye, and a saw, and a cow, and only print the word 'the'. Don't you think it may be done like that?"

I shook my head.

"I don't think so," I said. "For one thing, there are not enough pictures for that, and for another, it does not seem likely that Hamish would have seen anything of the sort. Again, remember he says, 'Follow the little pictures,' which infers that it is the pictures themselves that will lead us to the treasure. I take them to form a kind of continuous map or plan."

"As we have come to the sea, then, let's try to find something

that will fit in. We can stalk the cairns another day."

We expended a vast amount of ingenuity with very little result. For myself, I was perfectly content to lie on the soft grass of the ledge and listen to Betty's musical voice, or watch the varied expressions come and go upon her face. The treasure might go hang, for me.

Now this part of the coast, which we overlooked, was, as a rule, about as solitary a spot as one could expect to find in a civilised country. It was several miles from the nearest village, and not a farm-house nor other habitation was to be seen. It surprised me, then, to see figures moving on the shore. I had been here several times—with Duncan or with Betty—and never yet had I seen the solitude disturbed. I pointed the figures out to Betty and we discussed them together.

There were two—a man and a woman. They clambered along over the rocks as we had done ourselves, coming gradually nearer to us, until they ended by sitting down upon a rock almost directly beneath.

"Why, it's Marigold and Mr Morgan!" exclaimed Betty.

She was right. They were seated close together, their heads bent low over a scrap of paper. Like ourselves, they were following the little pictures. It was strange that they should have been led to the same spot.

We watched them for a few minutes, and then Betty vented

a clear "Coo-ee," and the pair started up like conspirators. We clambered down from our point of vantage and joined them on the rocks beneath.

It was a different Marigold who greeted me from her whom I had known in the past. There was a light and life in her eyes, a vivacity in her face and pose, that were a revelation to me. This was the real Marigold, from whom sorrow and dread had lifted their blighting fingers.

"What do you mean by jumping our claim?" she cried as we approached. "You have the whole countryside to search, yet you must choose the very spot that Jabez has marked out. I believe you have tracked us."

"It is our claim really," said Betty. "We were here first, and Bob found the spot all out of his own head."

"Struck any treasure, Seaton?" asked Morgan, who positively beamed through his spectacles.

"Not exactly," I had to admit.

"Dear, dear, dear! What a coincidence. Neither have we! I suppose it was the little picture of the zigzag sea that brought you here?"

"It was," said Betty. "I don't think much of it myself," she added with candour.

"Neither do I," agreed Marigold. "If our ancestor had intended to take the money across the water to Bonnie Prince Charlie, he might have hidden it by the shore. But Jabez says he meant it to be used over here during the rising, so

there was no special object in bringing it as far as this. It is much more likely to be in or near the house itself."

"There ought to be a secret passage or a priest's room or something at Hopeton," said Betty.

"I don't think there is much chance of that," said Marigold. "It is quite a plain straightforward house."

"By the way," I asked, turning to Morgan, "what have you decided about the Laird? Is he to be told?"

"Yes," he answered. "I am going to try to make up to him. He is not to know that Marigold has had the cipher. I shall get away from Blackdykes—go up to Glasgow and write to the Squire from a hotel there. I shall offer to show him the cipher, suggest that the past be forgotten, and propose that we attempt to solve the thing together. I am hoping that he will then invite me to Hopeton. If the opportunity occurs, Marigold will suggest it to him."

"It seems a very good plan," I agreed. "What about Roy? Will he not be in the running at all?"

"Jabez is very sanguine," said Marigold. "He thinks that if once he can get on good

terms with father, he may effect a reconciliation."

"You see, I've been pumping Roy a bit," explained Morgan. "I believe that if the old man can be brought round, Roy will not hang back. He is fond of his sister, and doesn't like being out off from her. We know that the Squire is on friendly terms with Roy's wife, so the main cause of dissension is at an end. Why keep up the feud, then? We'll all be as merry as grigs in another month!"

"I hope you may be right," I said doubtfully.

From all I knew of Laird Tanish, I was convinced that such a reconciliation would never take place, but it seemed a pity to damp Morgan's enthusiasm.

Betty and I left the others to continue their investigations, while we returned to Kilbrennan for tea. We were certainly no nearer to the treasure, but each meeting drew us more closely together. We were friends, in the fullest acceptance of the word. Strangely enough, the thought did not bring me the satisfaction it should have done. To have Betty for a friend—no, I knew by this time that it was not enough.

CHAPTER XX.

A few days later, the Laird received a letter from Morgan. Marigold was first in the breakfast-room, and she recognised the writing on the envelope. When I entered she

gave me the news in a hurried whisper, for already we heard her father's footsteps on the stair.

The worst of it was that the Laird received several letters

that morning, and by some evil chance he kept Morgan's to the last. It was a trying moment for both of us. We attempted to keep up an indifferent conversation, but had the Laird been more acute he might easily have noticed the lack of point in our remarks.

I fully expected that the opening of Morgan's letter would be followed by an explosion of anger, and I believe now that we escaped it by a very narrow margin. As the Laird read the first few lines he looked merely puzzled. He turned over quickly, glanced at the signature—and immediately his brows drew down over his eyes, his jaws set, and his lips became a mere line. It was then that I expected him to burst into a fit of rage, for I knew well how he hated Morgan. Marigold and I unconsciously let our conversation drop. Fortunately the Laird was too deep in his own thoughts to notice our pre-occupation.

He turned back to the beginning of the letter and read it through with lowered brows. The fingers of his unoccupied hand tapped restlessly upon the table-cloth. Still I waited for the explosion, but still it was delayed.

The Laird ate no more. He sat gloomily thoughtful for some minutes, and then abruptly rose and left the room without a word.

Our eyes met across the table. Marigold's were puzzled and anxious—my own, I fear, expressed the "I told you so" attitude.

"What is he going to do?" asked Marigold, in a voice little above a whisper.

"Ignore Morgan's letter, or write a most scathing reply," I hazarded.

"I don't like his silence—the controlled yet angry look of his face," said Marigold anxiously.

"Of course we must remember that the letter came as rather a shock to him. He had no reason to expect a message from Morgan," I said. "He may come round in an hour or two."

I said this more to cheer Marigold up than because I believed it, and my surprise was great when my words came true immediately after.

Laird Tanish came into the room noisily. He stood at the head of the table and smiled down slyly at his daughter.

"You'll never guess from whom I've had a letter this morning," he began.

"You had better tell me, then," replied Marigold, forcing herself to speak in the same light tone, though I could see she was nervous.

"What do you say to—your American cousin, Jabez Morgan?"

"Mr Morgan! How dare he!" exclaimed Marigold, with well-simulated heat.

"Tut, tut! You mustn't be so hard on the man," said her father, with a tolerant air that sat ill on him. "After all, he's a blood relation, and as he's in the country we can hardly do less than ask him down to stay with us."

Had we been in ignorance

of the contents of Morgan's letter we might well have been astounded at this change of face. As it was, Marigold thought it advisable to remark upon it.

"Surely he would not come," she said. "You did not part on the best of terms."

"Ah! But he's made amends. We shall be the best of friends now—the best of friends!"

The Laird, somewhat to my astonishment, laughed long and loudly. The chance of obtaining the cipher from Morgan seemed to have changed him completely. Though he appeared so jovial and hearty, there was a strained air about him that I could not account for.

"You see, my girl, he offers to remove my cause of complaint against him—you know what that is!" the Laird continued, rubbing his hands in a pleased way. "I must have you in this, Seaton. A man with your skill at chess should be able to work out the problem we have before us."

Again he laughed loudly. It began to get on my nerves, for I could not see enough reason for it. Certainly he had gained the object that he had desired so long, but that hardly seemed a matter for laughter.

"I am fond of problems," I replied. "Is the one in question a twister?"

"You shall see it, my boy, you shall see it. We'll all have a turn at it! But I must be off and write Morgan's invitation."

He went away rubbing his

hands and chuckling to himself with satisfaction.

"It has worked all right," exclaimed Marigold, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Jabez understands him better than I thought."

"Yes, he seems to have taken it well," I answered. "I am glad I am to be officially in the know. It would have been awkward if I had had to pretend to know nothing."

"Jabez had thought of that," exclaimed Marigold. "He intended to propose that your advice should be asked, but now there is no need."

I was passing through the hall a little later when the Laird heard me, and called me into his room.

"I want to have a chat with you, Seaton. Sit you down at your ease, for what I have to say will take some time."

I took him at his word, for I guessed that I was to hear the whole story of the Hopeton treasure from his point of view.

I was right. Except that he never introduced the name of his son's wife or mentioned the loss of the Flemish document, he told me essentially what has already been set down here. Naturally he did not refer to his two attempts to steal the cipher from Morgan. He merely told me that they had disagreed upon terms, but that now their differences were over, and that Morgan had agreed to take a share of whatever might be found.

Of course I readily promised my assistance in reading the

little pictures, and expressed great curiosity to see them.

"You shall, Seaton. Oh, but it will be a great game the solving of this cipher!" he exclaimed, and laughed heartily with regular schoolboy glee.

He maintained the same high spirits during the three days that we awaited Morgan's arrival. There was no more chess in the evenings, but instead he talked constantly of the treasure, estimated its value, how long it would take us to find it, how we should set about the solution of the cryptogram. There was but the one topic of conversation in the house, and to that there was no end. Never have I seen a man so changed in a day.

When Morgan arrived the Laird met him in the car at Kilbrennan, and they drove up to the house the best of friends. Morgan's scheme of reconciliation seemed to be working well, yet I could not help wondering—knowing the Laird's violent temper as I had good cause to do—how long his present frame of mind would last.

Morgan greeted Marigold and me as if he had seen nothing of us since our voyage from the States. One thing worried me a little—the fact that Duncan had seen Morgan in Kilbrennan. However, I knew that the boy was very unlikely to make any remark in the presence of his father, and I took the precaution to send him off on some errand as soon as I could.

"Dear, dear, dear! Now who would ever have thought

to see us all sitting round comfortable and pleasant like this," said Morgan as we sat down to dinner. "Delightful, I call it!"

The Laird laughed. I had heard more laughter during these last few days than all the time I had been at Hopeton.

"Ah, Morgan, we're not so black as we're painted, eh?" he said. "Now when are we to see our ancestor's message? You needn't mind Seaton; he's one of the family now."

I was struck suddenly with the idea that the Laird was only waiting to get the cipher from Morgan, and that when he had succeeded he would turn him out neck and crop. It was the Laird's expression as he glanced at his guest that put this idea into my head. It seemed so much at variance with his jovial words and laughter.

Morgan seemed to notice nothing of this. He was beaming amiably at the success of his plans.

"Yes, yes, I've brought the cipher," he answered. "Whether we shall be able to make anything of it remains to be seen. I've worried over it enough without success."

He pulled out a pocket-book and produced from it a number of copies of the little pictures, one of which he handed round to each of us, as though we had never seen it before. The Laird bent over his with great interest. I knew from what Morgan had told me that he had seen it once before, when he had rifled Morgan's desk,

but he could not have had time to examine it thoroughly.

"A strange document," he said, chuckling to himself. "Hamish must have been having a joke at the expense of his descendants. Maybe we'll have the laugh of him yet."

"I hope we shall," agreed Morgan. "We must all set our minds to it. I count a lot on you, Seaton. You've got a lot of spare grey matter. Either you or the Squire, being chess players, should get at the root of this thing pretty quick."

All the while I was awaiting a change of face on the part of my employer. I could not believe that his friendliness to Morgan was genuine. Yet nothing happened. I had to admit, at last, that I was wrong.

Day followed day, and the intimacy between the two increased constantly. Often they would be closeted together for hours, discussing, and attempting to solve, the cipher. Sometimes I would be called in to consult on some theory or suggestion, but more often they were alone together, and the sound of the Laird's laughter would echo through the hall. He was in a continual state of high spirits. Marigold was delighted at the change in him, but for myself I could not help thinking it too sudden to be wholesome. It jarred upon me to hear his loud laughter about the house, and instead of thinking that things were going better, I had a kind of presentiment that they were going worse, though all the

evidence was against my feeling.

Whenever Morgan could get away from the Laird he and Marigold scoured the country hunting for clues to the little pictures. The Laird seemed to look upon this growing intimacy with favour, and I even heard him on more than one occasion suggesting such excursions.

I am afraid that during this period I was guilty of neglecting my duties to some extent. Duncan had improved so much in health that he did not require much of my attention, certainly; and that must be my excuse for spending so many of my afternoons with Betty Forbes. She and I roamed the country together, as keen upon the discovery of the treasure as those who had a personal interest in it,—at least Betty was keen, and I was ready for anything that would keep me in her company.

I told her of all that was happening at Hopeton, and she was as sceptical as myself of the Laird's reformation.

"I shall have to call him the Monarch of the Glen instead of the Monster, after all, if this goes on," she commented. "But it can't go on. A Laird Tanish who roars as gently as a sucking dove is inconceivable. Either he is ill, or he is up to mischief of some kind. Probably he is using Mr Morgan to help him find the treasure, and then when it is found he will turn and rend him. However, perhaps it isn't fair to condemn him when the evidence is all in his favour."

The evidence was still further in his favour a couple of days after Betty used these words.

I returned to Hopeton after a further investigation of the beach—which, like our other

excursions, brought us no nearer our goal—to find Roy and his Belgian wife seated at tea with the family. The jovial laughter of the Laird rang through the room as I entered.

CHAPTER XXI.

I was so taken aback by this evidence of Laird Tanish's reformation that I stood in the doorway looking stupidly at the assembled company. Seeing my confusion, the Laird came to my assistance.

"Come along in and join the family party, Seaton," he cried in hearty tones. "You've never met my son Roy, but you two should be friends. You're of an age and both decent lads. And here is Mrs Tanish, my daughter-in-law. Come and sit beside her and get known to each other. Ah! this is a great day, a great day, Morgan, and it's all your doing. You've got something to be proud of here."

The Laird rubbed his hands and beamed upon the company in the best of spirits, but it did not take me long to discern that he was the only person present who was at his ease. Marigold and Morgan seemed so overcome by the success of their own plan that they sat silent, as if afraid it was all too good to be true.

Young Roy did his best to meet his father's advances, but there was a strained air about his remarks that showed that he too was ill at ease. Neither did his wife do much to add

to the harmony of the meeting.

I saw her now for the first time in normal circumstances, and I was not prepossessed in her favour. Yet she was a handsome woman in her way—tall and dark, with pale translucent skin and perfectly formed features. Her eyes were very large and dark, and when turned upon one suddenly they seemed to look past the words upon one's lips to the meaning behind. She had a habit of sudden sidelong glances, very disconcerting to one speaking polite conventionalities.

She was seated upon the Laird's right, Roy upon his left, and as the two men talked she would glance quickly from one to the other, then droop her long dark lashes as if to hide what she had learnt.

I made several attempts to engage her in conversation, but without success. She answered me in monosyllables, hardly hearing my words, and turned her glance again upon her husband or the Laird. It was a most uncomfortable tea-party.

Afterwards the conversation became more general. We

broke up into groups and visited the gardens and the stables. I was able to get the opportunity of a talk with Roy, and found him, as Betty and Morgan had told me, a frank open young man whom I took to at once.

We had wandered about the garden together for some little time, when Roy, after a glance round to see that we were alone, turned our conversation into an intimate groove.

"I have never thanked you," he said, "for your attention to my wife on the—on the—night of her accident."

"Surely that is unnecessary," I replied. "You thanked me at the time, and I was glad to be of service. By the way, did you ever discover the—the cause of the accident?"

He shook his head, and a shadow passed over his face. I thought at that moment how like his father he was.

"No," he said. "The accident so upset my wife's nerves that I have found it best not to refer to it much. She quickly recovered—thanks to your attention—so, as no harm was done and the subject upset her, I let it drop."

This was not said with the open spontaneous air that had marked his previous conversation. I wondered if he was keeping something back—if he knew more of the accident than he cared to tell me. Of this, at least, I was sure since meeting him—that he had no personal concern in the so-called accident.

As though desirous of getting away from the subject which he had himself introduced, he began at once to speak of the cipher, of which he had heard for the first time that day.

"I hear you are looked upon as the most likely person to solve it, Dr Seaton," he said. "I hope you do. The Tanish family can do with a fresh inflow of capital. We have come down lamentably in the last century or so."

By judicious questioning I soon discovered just what tale had been told to him. Nothing had been said of his wife's part in the early discovery, nor, of course, of her theft of the Flemish paper. To him it was just a straightforward story, discovered by Morgan amongst the old papers of his branch of the family. Whether he connected this in any way with the paper I had myself handed to him—the paper which had fallen from his wife's bosom—I could not say.

It was evident that my new acquaintance was equally favourably impressed with me—or at least that he was glad to have a friend of the same age and sex as himself—for he was most urgent in his plea that I should visit him at Blackdykes at an early date.

"Now that the governor has forgiven me for marrying to please myself, there can be nothing against it," he said.

I promised him that it would not be long before I took him at his word.

Later, when Roy had left

me and was talking with Morgan and his father indoors, I found Marigold and Marie sitting together upon the lawn. I joined them, intending to enter into their conversation, but I found that I had to make it all myself. My companions were silent. I could feel, as plainly as if they had told me, that they were not in sympathy with each other.

I had not been there more than a few minutes, racking my brains for small-talk, and feeling very uncomfortable, when Marigold made some excuse and went away. The dark eyes of Roy's wife gave me a slow sidelong glance.

"You were embarrassed, to have to make the talk by yourself—yes?" she said, as though in answer to my thoughts. "But it is always so. Marigold and I, we are silent, for we are not sympathetic. You know that?"

This promised to be more embarrassing to me than the other. She spoke calmly, disinterestedly. I cannot reproduce her slight accent, but her English was clear and good, with just a suggestion of strange idiom now and again.

"If it is so, surely it is a pity?" I answered.

"It does not matter," she said calmly. Her pale face was inscrutable. She made no effort to smile, showed no interest even in her own words. "One says that you are very clever, Dr Seaton—that it is you who will read

this message from the dead Monsieur Tanish. Is it so?"

"I am afraid they overrate my powers, merely because I happen to play chess well," I answered.

"Perhaps you are too modest. When you have read the message, what is it that you will do?" she asked, with her great dark eyes upon me.

This habit of turning the eyes alone had a most unpleasant effect. It suggested the underhand, the surreptitious. One felt in the thick of an intrigue, however innocent the conversation. Yet there was something fascinating about it too—a sense of intimacy, perhaps.

"What can I do? I shall hand the solution to the Laird—or Mr Morgan——"

"Or to me?" she interrupted, with eyebrows raised and another sidelong glance.

"It is all the same," I answered cautiously. "All are working together for the same end."

For the first time I heard her laugh—a short hard laugh, with little merriment in it.

"Truly!" she said in her calm voice. "You read characters as well as puzzles, Dr Seaton—yes?"

"I am interested in character, but I do not claim to read it correctly, Mrs Tanish."

"You are too modest," she repeated. "If you read this puzzle as surely as you read characters—how you will surprise all the world—is it not? And for yourself, you want nothing—no, no!"

I was nettled by her tone, suggesting as it did that I was a self-seeker.

"You are quite right in one thing," I declared emphatically. "If I should chance to solve this cipher, I expect nothing for myself."

"That is very well," she replied. "But I must find my husband and take him home. Do you know, Dr Seaton, I do not think you will find this treasure, although you are so very clever at this game of chess, and although—what is it?—'all are working together for the same end!'"

"Why do you say that?" I asked. "Do you think the cipher is insoluble?"

"I do not have reasons. We women—we know things without reason—is it not? You call it intuition—or guessing! But sometimes we are right—yes?"

"Sometimes—yes. But in this case I shall do my best to prove you wrong," I said with a smile.

"We shall see," she answered, and rising, she left me and went indoors.

One thing was evident—Roy's wife was as sceptical as myself of the sincerity of this strange reconciliation. Whether she had more reason for her belief than I, I could not tell.

A few minutes later Roy's trap appeared at the door, and he and his wife brought their visit to a close. Being an outsider, I kept well in the background throughout the farewells. The Laird was

still the jovial host. His loud "Ha, ha," rose above all the talk as he beamed down from his position upon the steps of the porch.

"You'll be back soon, bairns," he called. "We have a strong tie now in the Hopeton treasure, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

I saw Jabez Morgan watching this friendly leave-taking with the eye of a successful stage-manager. Everything was going as he had arranged it, and he had some cause for satisfaction.

When the trap had driven off and the Laird and Marigold had gone indoors, he took me by the arm and led me into the garden.

"Well, well, Seaton," he said, "our little plot has gone off top-hole. Here we are, as happy as so many turtle-doves—all ill-feeling dead—the Squire a model for Father Christmas—the fatted calf killed for the prodigal—in fact, a regular Happy Family!"

"Have you ever been in a travelling menagerie, Morgan?" I asked.

"Dear, dear, dear! How you do wander, Seaton. In what capacity?"

"Merely as a spectator, I mean."

"I've seen Barnum's show, of course," said he, looking at me in a puzzled manner. "But what——"

"It was your reference to a Happy Family that made me think of it. I daresay you remember a cage containing a dog, a cat, a rabbit, a hen, a guinea-pig, and many other creatures that I have forgotten

—all cooped up together and labelled 'Happy Family.' They all looked the picture of misery, and seemed ready to fly at each other's throats upon the slightest provocation."

"And you think——?" Morgan paused and looked at me inquiringly.

I nodded and said nothing.

We walked along for a short time in silence, each of us intent upon his own thoughts. Morgan was the first to speak.

"I hope you are wrong," he said. "It cost me a lot of hard work to bring the old man round to this. It seemed a good thing to do, and it was for Marigold's sake I did it. Anyhow, things can hardly be worse than they were before I waltzed in, so I can't have done any harm."

"I am not so sure of that," I said. "Whatever rows there had been were over, and the parties at a safe distance. You have got them into the middle of the ring, ready for the next round."

"You are a croaker, Seaton, a prize croaker." The little man shook me by the arm playfully. "I'm not going to

listen to you any more. I've brought this deal off. They are all friends again. We shall find the treasure, and they will all share in it. Why should there be any more trouble?"

"It's in the air," I answered vaguely, and continued more explicitly. "First, there is Laird Tanish, whose wonderful reformation I can't understand. He is always liable to cut up rough. Then we have Roy's wife,—a woman whom I do not trust. I take her to be capable of any mischief. These two have a secret understanding. We know that from what Betty Forbes overheard. Should Roy get to know of that, he becomes the third of my possibilities. Hot-headed and honest, he would not wait for explanations. In fact, Morgan, you have all the ingredients ready to your hand for a fine old flare-up! I can even make a pretty fair guess at the match which will start the conflagration."

"Yes?" said Morgan inquiringly.

"The discovery of the Hope-ton Treasure!" I replied.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

NJOYA OF BAMUN.

ON the evening of December 1, 1916, a small British column lay resting beside a river in Central Cameroons. It was a nondescript force, consisting entirely of native troops with a few white officers and non-commissioned officers to leaven the lump, and the usual motley crowd of porters to give the appearance of numbers, but in reality to add to the difficulties of the situation. For in front lay the river, unfordable and unbridged, with the Boche firmly entrenched on the other bank. Supplies were short and communications unreliable, while the country ahead was a *terra incognita*, and the reports of the Intelligence Department as conflicting as such reports usually are.

But to British columns engaged in "side-shows" during the years of grace 1914-1918 there usually appeared a *deus ex machina* of some sort or the other—in this case in the shape of a bedraggled but yet dignified-looking African, whose unceremonious entrance before the Commanding Officer and his Intelligence Officer was caused, and doubtless expedited, by the grinning native orderly who followed him.

"I done catch this bushman by river-side, sar. I tink he be spy, sar."

"Put him in the guard-room and I'll see him to-

morrow. What the deuce do you mean by interrupting me at this time of night."

"He talk Hausa, sar. He say some king done send him to speak to English white man, sar."

Here the Intelligence Officer broke in with a few remarks in Hausa, to which the captive replied in the same language. A long conversation followed, till finally the prisoner, shaking himself free from the orderly, who throughout the proceedings had held firmly to his prize, broke out into a long and impassioned speech, of which the gist was as follows.

He, Isumanu, was the Prime Minister and Chief Councillor of Njoya, Chief of the Bamuns, whose territory lay across the river. The Germans occupied the country, with their headquarters at Fumban the capital, and had threatened to hang the Chief and ten of his principal headmen on the least sign of sympathy with the advancing British. Njoya, however, did not love the Germans, and had heard much that was good concerning the British and their rule in Nigeria. He had, therefore, sent his Chief Councillor to explain the situation, and to give such personal assistance, either as guide or intelligence agent, as might seem good to those in authority. But he wished it to be made quite

clear that he could give no other active assistance, as he was powerless against the armed and disciplined German troops within his town, and his main desire was to ensure the safety of his people, and that the British should know that he meant them well.

Now, offers of assistance from the people of Cameroons were no new thing. The Boche was not loved by the African either in Cameroons or elsewhere, and as the British columns advanced through the country, protestations of all sorts were plentiful. But experience had taught that they were frequently unreliable, and that concrete promises often failed to fructify when the giver was faced by the consequences which his action would entail at the hands of the unforgiving Boche. Njoya of Bamun was known to be a big chief, whose authority and reputation extended far beyond the limits of his own territory. He had hitherto proved loyal to his German masters, some of the best soldiers in the German ranks were Bamuns, and his emissary might well be a spy detailed for the very purpose of leading the British into a carefully prepared ambush. On the other hand, his message was quite frank. He promised nothing, except the services of the bearer, and the latter stood his cross-examination with a dignity and confidence which much impressed his hearers. His evident trust and respect for his Chief was remarkable. "Njoya of Bamun does not lie to the English white men,"

was his final remark as he was removed in custody for the night; "he is not like the Dualas who lie, and promise all things to all men; what he says so he will do, and we who are his people trust him."

The morning brought no change in the situation. Patrols sent up and down stream could find no ford, and an immediate move of some sort was rendered necessary by the supply situation. Finally it was decided to trust Isumann, and to employ him as guide to the ford some miles up-stream, which he asserted would bring the column in rear of the Germans holding the river.

Confidence was not misplaced. After a weary trek through swamps and jungles the ford was reached, and crossed without opposition. The Boche, finding himself outflanked, withdrew hurriedly towards Fumban, with the British on his heels; then, leaving only a rearguard to hold up the advance, abandoned the town, and made off hurriedly to the east.

On December 5, the British advance-guard came in sight of Fumban. It was the height of the dry season, and the hot dust-laden harmattan was blowing strongly. Hidden in a fold of the open rolling downs, the town appeared suddenly like some immense oasis in the desert of parched and sun-scorched grass. First came the outer wall of sun-dried mud, some twenty feet high by thirteen feet thick, and with a total circumference

of some ten to thirteen miles, stretching in an uneven circle almost as far as the eye could reach. Within lay the houses of the inhabitants—clusters of tall thatched huts, dotted irregularly among trees and banana groves, whose vivid greenness gave a sense of welcome restfulness. The roads and paths joining the separate portions of the town were marked by lines of palms and hedges of flowering shrubs, while in the distance a circle of huge rubber-trees, towering far above their neighbours, marked the boundaries of the market-place and the central focus of the town.

An immense concourse of people awaited the arrival of the British. At their head rode a figure in dark-blue turban and flowing robes of white, closely surrounded by some fifty gowned and beturbaned spearmen, evidently the royal bodyguard. Njoya, Chief of Bamun, had led out his people to greet the incoming British, and to place himself and all he had at their disposal. The next few months were to show how whole-heartedly he interpreted his promises of loyalty to the new régime, and with what energy and ability he carried out the many and inevitable demands which were made upon him and his people.

To the power of organisation possessed by this remarkable man is due in no small measure the successful termination of the campaign in that portion of Cameroons. Food, carriers, supplies of all sorts, information—all were given as freely

as they were demanded. And they were given with a willingness and promptness rare among African chieftains of whatever type.

Njoya of Bamun was, and is, a remarkable man. Of typical negro appearance, thick-lipped, squat-nosed, heavy-featured, and inclined to fat, he was about thirty-five years of age, and had ruled for some dozen years or so. He spoke a little English and understood Hausa, but preferred to speak through an interpreter, a post held by his fidus Achates, Isumanu, who spoke many languages fluently, including German and English (of the "pidgin" type). The people loved and all but worshipped him. Autocratic in method and unforgiving to those who failed him, he was equally generous to his most trusted and reliable retainers. But—strange anomaly in an African tribe—his real held lay among the common people—the "talakawa," who carried out his instructions with a thoroughness and alacrity which was most certainly not due to fear alone. The Bamun tribe is not a large one. It does not exceed 100,000 souls all told. Their country lies in the grasslands of Central Cameroons, in the zone which separates the Mahomedan element of the north from the purely pagan southern tribes of the coast. The Bamuns, as typified by Njoya their chief, have retained their individuality and have neither succumbed to the northern Mahomedan wave nor sunk to the level of the fetish-worshipping com-

munities of the south. The history of the tribe yet remains to be written, and it would be idle to speculate whence they derive their very un-African characteristics. The intense patriotism of Njoya, his breadth of view, and his originality were alike remarkable. He had ideas on every subject, and delighted to air them before a sympathetic listener, while he did not hesitate to convert theory into practice—often with somewhat quaint results.

Njoya had invented a language of his own, and characters in which that language was to be written. The Bamun tongue was little known outside the boundaries of his kingdom. His people were consequently at a disadvantage when they traded in distant parts. Ergo, a language must be invented which would gradually take the place of the Bamun tongue, and which, containing as many words as possible similar, if not identical, with those of the better-known languages of the Cameroons, would enable his people to make themselves understood more easily on their journeyings. In time, perhaps, other countries would adopt it!! The necessity of writing this language became urgent, and so the invention of symbols followed as a matter of course. The resulting language and writing were taught in all his schools, and under his system of education all parents were obliged to keep one out of every two children at school, except during the planting and reaping seasons.

As in secular so in religious matters. His views on the latter were unorthodox, and all the efforts expended upon him by the German missionaries had proved unavailing. The latter were at perfect liberty to start their schools within his territory—objection would in any case have been futile, for the militant German missionary had always the Prussian official at his back; but Bamun schools existed side by side with them, and in these schools was conducted surely the most naive and original system of education which can well exist. The form of religious teaching was somewhat obscure. Njoya himself was in a quandary. His explanation, almost word for word as given by himself, is worth quoting. "I know the Mahemmedans, and many of them are good people. But they pray too much. They care more for their religion than for their country, and I wish my people to be Bamuns from their heads to their feet. The pagans, who worship 'ju-ju,' are fools. The Christians, I am told, are good. But the German white men are Christians and they are not good. I want to make a religion for my people. Can you tell me a good one? I do not understand why the English, who are good people, and the Germans, who are very bad people, are both Christians. I told the German missionary that I wanted a new religion, and he cursed me because I was not a Christian. So I tell my teachers to make the children

worship the big God whom all Christians and Mahomedans talk about, and if, meantime, I hear that there are really other gods as well I will have them learnt too." But the problem of suggesting an alternative religion was too much for the somewhat imperfect Christian to whom the query was addressed.

Arts and crafts were not neglected in Bamun. Njoya himself had established a State experimental farm some fifteen miles from Fumban, whither he betook himself twice a year. On the banks of the Mban river, in a grove of immense rubber and mahogany trees, he had built himself a large two-storied edifice of beautifully carved and ornamented wood. Broad sanded paths lined with raffia palms led up to the main entrance, and to right and left in a semi-circle lay ordered rows of houses for his wives and retainers. Outside the grove and along the river bank lay several hundred acres of farms, not merely in corn and ordinary native products, but planted experimentally with cotton, rice, tobacco, rubber, kola, palms, and every sort of tropical fruit. Here was grown the cotton for the weaving industry in Fumban, an industry which employed several hundred hands, and which turned out, on the crude yet ingenious native spindles, cloth of a texture and variety which could vie with the best products of Kano, and for durability, if not for cost, left far behind the trade cotton goods

of Manchester. From the balcony of the house overlooking a broad stretch of the Mban river, completely shaded even at midday from the tropical sun, in long chairs of locally constructed wickerwork, it was hard to believe that one was in Central Africa and enjoying the hospitality of a "heathen savage," for whose salvation countless good people in Europe and elsewhere would doubtless be praying were they so much as aware of his existence.

To look back on the few months spent with Njoya of Bamun—brief interlude in five strenuous years of campaigning—is to invoke many memories, all of them pleasant and some of them unforgettable. The great hunt organised in celebration of the close of the campaign and in honour of the General, when every man or boy who could wield a spear or hold a dane gun formed a gigantic army of beaters, and as the game was driven towards the spot where the "guns" were stationed, completely lost their heads, and, wild with excitement, charged madly forward, firing in every direction, to the imminent danger of all concerned and the immense amusement of Njoya and the General. The subsequent return to camp long after dark through lines of flaring torches posted at intervals up the mountain track by which the return route lay. The dances in the moonlit market-place, when Njoya, seated at the gate of his "palace," presided over the revels of his

people, while the deep throb of the drums mingled with the rhythmic singing of the men and the shrill chants of the women. The ceremonial parade for the announcement of the conquest of Cameroons and the presentation to Njoya of payment in cash for the supplies provided by him to the British troops; the amazing scene which followed when Njoya, who at first refused to believe that the row of specie-boxes containing silver coin were really to be handed over, turned to his people, ordered his drummer to beat for silence, and said: "People of Bamun, the English have kept their promise, and are going to pay for all the food that they have received, and for the carriers who have worked for them. Such a thing has never been known before in war time. I give orders that in every marketplace for one month the drums shall beat, and proclamation be made that the English are good people and better than all other white men." Finally, the day when the British flag was hauled down in Fumban and the Political Officer handed over his charge to the French, by whom this portion of the country was henceforth to be administered. The entire population, headed by Njoya, followed the departing British officer for miles upon his way. No artificial demonstration this. The end of the first day's march still found them in thousands along the road, and stern command was needed to

send them back to their homes. Njoya himself bade farewell on the bank of the river which forms the boundary of his country. And long after the last canoe-load of carriers had reached the farther bank he remained by the water's edge watching the tail of the column as it wound its way up from the river-side and gradually disappeared along the road leading back towards Nigeria.

The destiny of the people of Bamun now lies in other hands than ours. They were not consulted any more than were millions of other Africans as to their wishes or their aspirations. That they may thrive and prosper, and that their evolution may be on their own lines, guided by a sympathetic and enlightened administration, is the wish of those few Britishers who know them. But if the League of Nations and its so-called Mandates in Africa are to be taken seriously and regarded as something more than a hypocritical excuse for parcelling out huge areas and populations without the least regard for "self-determination," then the welfare of such peoples as the Bamuns should lie heavy on its conscience. Such communities are not vocal, and therefore in these noisy days their interests are almost certain to remain unrepresented. But whatever the future may have in store for Njoya and his people, there is one who wishes them well, and to whom the period spent in Central Cameroons will ever be a pleasant memory.

S. E. M. STOBART.

THE LITTLE ADVENTURE.

BEING THE STORY OF THE RUSSIAN RELIEF FORCE.

BY GILBERT SINGLETON GATES, 46TH R.F., R.R.F.

X.

INTOLERABLE burning sunshine suddenly gave place to torrential rains. Roads once thick with bitter acrid dust that stirred at the faintest breath of wind, turned to lanes of liquid mud, forest tracks grew soggy, swamps extended with every hour, while the Russians merely shrugged their shoulders.

"It is the rainy season. *Nichevo!*" they said.

Prospects of success for our proposed deep outflanking movement were based on fair weather. As the volumes of rain descended, so did our spirits take a similar downward trend. The conditions which governed the assembling of the troops were hardly calculated to produce feelings of elation. Living in a thick forest, beneath a rude shelter of branches, twigs, and leaves, the whole enveloped in a mosquito-net, possessed many charms when the sun shone; but in a heavy and continuous downpour of rain, one was apt to forget these former attractions. It was a weary, miserable vigil, ere the opening of the first stage of the attack by the commencement of the approach march.

Groups of men, soaked to the skin, huddled around smoking

fires, while the ceaseless drip from the sodden trees descended upon them. Few words passed—just occasional outbursts of vehemence against Russia in general and Bolsheviks in particular. Depressing forecasts were made of soaked biscuits, rain-washed tea, and damp ammunition. Sentries moved with slow indolent tread in and out amongst the trees, on guard over the corral of native horses, *droschkies*, and drivers. The Russians, men, women, and girls, crouched on their primitive carts, shielding their ill-clad bodies from the rain with coarse sacking. They watched with listless gaze these drab English, who waited for bad weather before they went to battle. The sole concern of the peasantry was for the horses and *droschkies*. Wherever their precious carts and animals were taken on the morrow, into the midst of war and death and suffering, there would they follow. So they sat, silent and inert, waiting, while their animals, still in harness, shivered in utter wretchedness.

An occasional stray bullet whistled through the tree-tops, breaking for a second the monotone of falling rain and the dull murmur of voices in the wood. The close of the

weary afternoon brought signs of activity. Splashing through the mud of the forest roads, with heavily-laden mules, the engineers and signal companies arrived. Huge reels of cable, wireless sets, telephones, flags, spare horses—all smothered in mud and running with water. Batteries of 3.7 mountain-guns, loaded on to animals, appeared, led by bedraggled officers and men, whose faces bore signs of complete depression. They entertained small hopes of ever participating in the fight. Mules could ford rivers and climb hills, but in swamps three feet deep they were helpless.

Rain was seemingly always associated with British attacks in France. Apparently the association extended to Russia also. Consolation rested in the philosophic reflection that the Bolshevik was equally wet and uncomfortable.

The fever of activity spread. Men dragged themselves away wearily from the assembled groups as officers walked by, summoning and giving orders. Amid the concourse of *droshkies* brisk energy was being displayed. Hundreds of ponies had to be unharnessed and fitted with pack-saddles. The docility of the animals was a contrast to the wrath of the peasants. The latter's indignation at having to remove their worn-out harness was intense. Outbursts of disapproval having no effect, the peasants walked away in contempt, viewing the proceedings from afar with sullen mien.

All battle stores, rations,

Lewis guns, and signal equipment had to be carried by pack-pony. Natural conditions prevented the use of other forms of transport, for on the right bank a river had to be forded, and on the left the marshes were too deep to allow of the passage of carts.

As the light faded, the Russian troops destined to assist in the operation arrived. They had been brought up river from a village some thirty versts away at the last possible moment. Straggled out along the muddy road, each battalion (numbering about two hundred and fifty bayonets) slouched along with no enthusiasm and complete lack of cohesion. Only one of the battalions of the Brigade bore any resemblance to trained soldiery, and that was commanded by Captain Posinykoff, a wealthy timber-merchant of Archangel, who was possessed of a positive lust for killing Bolsheviks. He had already been awarded the British Military Cross for gallantry in a previous action on the Dvina front. His huge frame dwarfed his bodyguard, and officers and men regarded him as a mighty leader. Averse as we were to Russians, their general tactics and behaviour, it was nevertheless a genuine pleasure to welcome Posinykoff. His subsequent bravery drew forth our warm admiration. Having such a man commanding the otherwise nervous Russians, the task of the officer in charge of the attack on the right bank was rendered much less harassing

than that of his *confrère* on the opposite bank. The Russian troops attached to the latter's columns were the same wretched specimens who at one time had travelled about the forward zone with their regimental piano. Their general attitude to the proposed attack created the impression that they would be a hindrance rather than a help, and that pessimism was subsequently shown to be thoroughly justified.

During this afternoon of work, tribulation, and misgiving, the Navy created a furore by an affair with the Bolo. H.M. "Monitor 33" was at anchor in the "Advanced Position," lying in readiness for anything that might come along. Unusual interest was suddenly developed in her presence by the Bolo with two 4.2 guns mounted on the Selmenga road. The shooting was watched with some interest as the enemy started very wide of the mark, and gradually crept closer with his shots. Observation was apparently good, for in a few minutes the monitor was hit. The captain decided to move, and while getting under way the ship was hit again, necessitating a retirement to the flotilla anchorage. Another monitor replaced "33" in the forward area, but the Bolo was either satisfied with his first performance, or had retired in anticipation of retaliation, for no further shots were fired that day.

Darkness had gathered be-

fore all loads had been adjusted, Russians pacified, and troops sorted into their respective columns. The complete land forces were organised into six separate self-contained columns, three on each bank. Each column possessed its quota of infantry, machine-guns, trench-mortars, artillery, transport, and each had its own particular objective: on the right bank, Selmenga, Gorodok, and Borok; and on the left bank, Seltso, Sludka-Lipovets, and Chudinova, in order of depth from the front line. The only possible chance of a great success depended on complete surprise. If the enemy had had the vaguest suspicion of a movement round both his flanks simultaneously, then the action might possibly have developed into a disaster for our numerically inferior force. Around his left flank the approach march to the assembly position was very lengthy. It had to be commenced two days before zero. Tremulous anticipation gave way to feelings of relief when a Bolo deserter strayed into the advancing column, with the news that the enemy knew nothing of the turning movement nor the contemplated attack.

The forest track by which the columns marched in single file was in a terrible condition. At times it became impassable till the engineers had felled trees and laid them across the path. The mules, unable to make progress, voiced their feelings by loud screams, which

re-echoed through the forest, raising apprehensive fears that the enemy might send out patrols to discover the cause of the tumult. Most of the loads of the pack-animals had to be man-handled long distances, a task exhausting in the extreme to heavily-laden men, who were already tired and wet through to the skin. Doleful surmises as to the condition of the ground over which the attack would be launched proved to be correct when the reports of the reconnaissance patrols were received. The mules, laden with the mountain-guns, were unable to continue further, and the battery had to be left behind, to the utter disgust and disappointment of the gunners. Less the guns, therefore, and the cavalry, which was also held up by the swamps, the columns on the left bank safely reached their assembly positions after many hours of dogged trudging through the forest.

The approach march on the right bank was less strenuous, a little more dangerous, and vastly more amusing. To ford the Selmenga river was the only really difficult task. At the point of fording, the river bank on the north side was very steep and heavily wooded. The ford itself was merely a bend in the river, where the water was a foot deep. Never before had it been used as it was on this night, and, judging by its depth at the end of the crossing, it will never be used again. The approach to the ford, precipitous as it was, entailed con-

siderable danger to the pack-animals, and the possibility of alarming the Bolo was imminent.

The noise of the column descending the bank seemed, in the stillness of the night, to be appallingly loud. Branches snapped like pistol-shots, the mules crashed and reared through the thick undergrowth, and men and drivers cursed with heated volubility. The loads of the Russian ponies were ripped off by the trees as the frightened animals attempted to bolt through the forest. Advance parties of signallers had laid telephone wires along the freshly-blazed trail, and in the darkness the horses' feet became entangled, and at points in the column confusion was chaotic.

The actual fording of the Selmenga was easily accomplished, though the whole operation took four and a half hours. Russian troops proved an intolerable nuisance. Reaching the river, they peered into the water in the semi-darkness, and then made vigorous signs to the superintending officers, endeavouring to ascertain the depth of water they would have to pass through. This being indicated, their succeeding action was to sit down on the bank, thereby delaying the whole column, to the anger of those on the precipitous hill slope, and proceed in the most leisurely Russian fashion to remove their boots and puttees. Coercion was the only method of accelerating the fording when this occurred, and it had to be applied, to the resent-

ment of the Russians, and the huge delight of the British Tommies, who seemed to take a positive joy in splashing through the water, filling their already sodden boots.

Once across the river the

forest tracks were fairly passable and the march continued successfully, all columns being into position before five o'clock on zero morning. At twelve noon on the 10th of August the combined attack opened.

XI.

All six columns moved forward at zero hour. The land-guns opened out with a barrage, machine-guns crackled in the distance, and the big and little guns on H.M. ships *Humber*, "M. 27," "M. 31," and "M. 33" commenced to fire. A heavy mist lay on land and river. Seaplanes and aeroplanes could be heard overhead, but we could no more see the machines than their observers could see the earth. Bombing and spotting for the guns, therefore, was greatly hampered.

The bluejacket commander of the Bolo flotilla, after having returned our naval fire for a time, apparently realised that something more than a mere strafe was going on. Most of the enemy gunboats turned tail and fled, one of them with a heavy list. A few of the vessels remained, and succeeded in doing damage to one of the left columns during the course of the day.

The two land attacks developed in different ways. The right bank proved an amazing success, but on the left the Bolsheviks fought well, and the struggle became intense and involved. Forty-five minutes after zero a re-

port was received at G.H.Q. from the Russians, whose objective was Nijni Seltso, that that village had been captured. This report was false. In point of fact, these particular Russians never left their assembly line, and no attack had been launched by them. The British troops aiding in that operation were at the moment of zero 500 yards south-east of the village. As they advanced to the attack, an intense rifle and machine-gun fire was opened upon them from blockhouses around the place, and the column commander (Captain de Mattos) was killed. Men were falling in some numbers, and, in view of the intense fire and the possibility of disorganisation, the column fell back to reorganise. No help being forthcoming from the Russian troops, the new attack was postponed for some hours till reserves were available and Seltso had been thoroughly shelled. At six o'clock in the evening a hurricane bombardment descended on the village. For thirty minutes the Bolo resisted the attack. Then he fled in absolute rout, throwing away rifles and machine-guns and seeking

cover in the forest, only to perish miserably of exhaustion and hunger in the impenetrable swamps. Thus Seltso fell, but we had paid a heavy toll in valuable lives.

The centre column on the left bank, whose objectives were the adjacent villages of Sludka and Lipovets, had better fortune. The outlying hamlets fell easily, but as the column came into view of the Dvina river, the troops were subject to heavy fire from the enemy gunboats and barges that had had the temerity to remain. Rifle and Lewis-gun fire soon subdued them, and the white flag was hoisted with alacrity. The tragic part of this interruption was that there were no small boats on the beach to send out boarding parties, and the Bolo, recovering his nerve, calmly hauled down the white flag and opened fire again. Shelling by our own flotilla soon drove them away, to the chagrin of the British infantry, who seldom have the opportunity of capturing warships. To see their possible prizes steam away was almost beyond endurance, after all they had suffered at the hands of those particular ships.

Sludka fell one hour and fifty minutes after zero. A direct hit by a shell on column headquarters killed the column commander (Major Shepherd), eight other ranks, and wounded the G.H.Q. liaison officer. The latter was conveyed by Bolshevik prisoners, impressed as stretcher-bearers, through Sludka, *en route* for the advanced dressing station. Pass-

ing through the forest, he was suddenly thrown, with other British wounded, into the wet marshes, by these same bearers, when stray shots from wandering Bolos whistled harmlessly overhead. The Russian troops escorting the convoy also fled with the bearers, and the few remaining British were forced to form a defensive line on the river side of the marsh. The wounded crawled about in the filth till found by passing British transport men and taken safely to the dressing station. During the whole of this time the forest was full of armed and unarmed Bolos, and our Russians, the former surrendering or trying to, and the latter refusing help and endeavouring to escape—where, one did not quite know. Meanwhile the attack on Lipovets was in progress, and after some opposition the town was taken. Men of "A" company of the 45th Battalion Royal Fusiliers were fortunate in finding the Bolo commander of the garrison in his headquarters, and in revenge for the death of the popular Shepherd, the wretched Bolo and his staff were promptly despatched. Prisoners, to the number of 580, had already been rounded up, and more drifted in as the minutes passed.

It was now five o'clock. The news that Seltso was still holding out came to the knowledge of the new commander of this successful column. His desire was to aid in the reduction of that village, but the shortage of ammunition ren-

dered a direct attack impossible. A flanking movement against Seltso was decided upon. The men were practically exhausted. They had had no food that day, having sacrificed their rations to carry extra ammunition. Tired and hungry as they were, though cheered by their victories, the column set off along another swampy forest track, to aid their severely handled comrades outside Seltso. The wounded and prisoners they took with them.

Wandering bands of Bolos in the forest organised an attack on this column as it was crossing a small river by a single plank bridge. The situation might have become critical but for the action of the rearguard, whose determined fight completely routed the opposition. The Bolo prisoners in the column were absolutely terrified during this attack, and throwing aside the stores they had been given to carry, made a general stampede into the forest. The terrible fate of those who were not subsequently captured can hardly be imagined. When the column reached its final position, Seltso had fallen, and at last the weary troops were able to rest with the assurance of security.

The remaining column, destined to take Chudinova, the last village in depth in the enemy's position on the left bank, met with success. By strange coincidence the commander of this column also became a casualty, being wounded just after the cap-

ture of the place. Two companies of Russians were left to hold Chudinova, but their environment failed to suit them, for after a short stay they retired the way they had come, and the situation had to be cleared up by British troops. Taken on the whole, the action on the left bank was an undoubted success, for though our casualties had been heavy, we had captured all objectives, broken the enemy's defence, and routed his troops.

The exciting, and at one time apparently tragic, event of the battle on this bank was the loss of the officer commanding the whole sector (Col. Davies of the Leicestershire Regiment) with his staff. The party was cut off by the enemy, who were retiring to Sludka in the early stages of the battle. The Britishers bumped into a detachment of Bolo marines, landed from one of the gunboats. The enemy allowed them to approach within fifty yards, and then opened fire with rifles and Lewis guns. But the shooting was so erratic that no one was hit, though every one scuttled for cover. With the Colonel at this time were five others—the Chaplain of the 45th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, the Colonel's Adjutant, an officer interpreter, and two orderlies. A serious loss was that of the interpreter, when he disappeared a few minutes after this ambush. Hearing shouting in Russian, apparently of a friendly nature, he went forward to investigate, and did not return. The remainder,

all unable to speak or understand Russian, decided to march northward by compass, in an endeavour to join the force they had left. Suddenly they were fired on in the dense forest. Turning, they marched eastward. Again they came under fire. A westerly direction brought precisely the same result. The rain now added to these pleasant interludes, by increasing in intensity and volume. Moving southward, the unhappy band encountered three Russian soldiers, also lost in the wood, and three Bolos, who surrendered with evident pleasure. Hopes of reaching Yakolevskoe, the original assembly area, were heightened by the gesticular desire of one of the Bolos to guide them there. The rough route was checked by compass, and the party of eleven set out. An hour later they found themselves knee-deep in a marsh, with Bolo trench-mortar shells dropping around them.

Nine o'clock in the evening and they were still floundering about in the slime. Wet through, hungry and dispirited, the three officers decided to rest for the night on a small wooded island in the marsh. The Bolo prisoners were most anxious to please, and, despite the wet nature of all vegetation, soon produced a fire, and dried the socks of our forlorn heroes. Tea and army biscuits were brought by the Russians. Each officer in turn kept watch throughout the long night.

All was quiet till five o'clock in the morning. Then bullets began to tear through the

trees, and the party had to move with alacrity. Their wanderings continued without event till midday, when a track was discovered, bearing fresh hoof-prints, and a telephone wire. Was it British or Bolshevik? Going north, along the track, blood-stained bandages and food were found. The Russians were now firmly convinced that the traces were those of the enemy. In proof of their contention, they fled precipitately into the forest, followed by the prisoners. Rounding them up occupied some considerable time. Their only comment was: "Plenty Bolo!"

In this confusion the Chaplain and three others became separated from the Colonel and his Adjutant. Luck lay with the Church, for the padre fell in with some men of his own battalion within a few minutes. That party searched for some hours for the missing Colonel, but failed to find him, and eventually returned to Yakolevskoe, reaching there at ten o'clock the same night.

A similar search for the Chaplain was carried on by the Colonel. Failure induced a move in a north-westerly direction. Continuous advice to "Scurry" was given by the trembling Russians, but as the marsh was up to their knees, progress was limited to the rate of one mile per hour. Dinner was served at half-past nine that night. It consisted of dry army biscuit and sweetened water. Rifle shots, however, disturbed the meal, and a hasty retreat had to be

made from the welcome fire that had been set going. Darkness descended, and a halt for the night was imperative. Sleep was out of the question. The rain was heavy, and it was bitterly cold. Night dragged wearily by, and at dawn they started off again through the marsh. Suddenly the Colonel, with his eyes staring into the sky, gave a loud, utterly unintelligible cry. Then he shouted—

“B——, there’s the balloon!”

Far away in the morning sky, high above the earth, swung the observation balloon. The Adjutant gurgled with joy as he observed it. He hastened to take a compass-bearing, for fear the kite-balloon men might suddenly haul it down. So relieved were our two heroes that they promptly sat down to break their fast on unsweetened water and army biscuit—the last of their food supply. This meal gave B—— sufficient energy to scale a tall tree, from which he located both the villages of Troitsa and Yakelevskoe, and with renewed hope and increased vigour the party set off for the latter place. The tame Bolo who still clung to the two officers proved of great value, for, when it came

to fording small streams, he carried them over on his sturdy back. As they approached the British line, however, a naval sentry, somewhat suspicious of them, fired a couple of shots. The violent gesticulations and the subsequent flow of language on nearing him convinced him of his folly.

The reception at headquarters of the returned wanderers was stupendous. The loyal Russians joined in the celebrations by repeating the words, “War finish, plenty scoffem,” and finally by their persistence they attracted notice and were generously fed. The Bolo was conveyed to the rear headquarters in a Ford car, much to his astonishment, which greatly increased when he was handed over to the prisoners’ cage.

Amazing rumours had been current in the force as to the fate of the party. The Colonel had been reported as killed, the Adjutant and the Chaplain both wounded, and all in the hands of the enemy. The Intelligence Department had even taken the precaution to wire G.H.Q. that they had plenty of Bolo regimental commanders and commissars in custody, available for immediate exchange.

XII.

Having successfully forded the river and passed round the enemy’s flank, it was the fortunate privilege of the Selmenga column to assemble some hundred yards or more in rear of the Bolshevik bat-

teries. During the long hours of waiting before zero, officers and men beguiled their tedium by creeping close up to the guns and listening with much glee to the raucous commands of the O.C. battery,

followed by the explosion of the charge and the tearing of the shell through the air *en route* for the British trenches. All of them gloated over their probable victims. As the particular trenches the Bolo was shelling were unoccupied, and the men they had contained were at that moment lying in the wood just behind the guns, the situation contained some elements of humour. Bergson, I think, maintains that humour lies in the unexpected; but the Bolo battery commander failed completely to appreciate the funny side of the wild rush made for him at the stroke of zero.

During the night mustard-and-tear gas-shells had been fired into the enemy's forward zone, and as the Bolo respirators were exceedingly primitive, the effects had been most excellent from our point of view. All the prisoners taken in the Selmenga woods were in an intense lachrymose condition, and their lamentations at being blinded were loud and profuse.

The holding attack, which was the *motif* of this small column, was only partially successful. The enemy managed, by his knowledge of devious paths in the forest, to slip through the thin line of British troops. Five hundred of the defending Bolos succeeded in getting away and reassembled in the wood preparatory to making a counter-attack on Gorodok, the second village in depth in the zone of defence. We shall see what

happened to them after having followed for a moment the fortunes of the column of British and Russian troops attacking that second village.

Posinykoff, M.C., and his Russians were attached to this column, which had succeeded in getting mountain-guns and trench-mortars established in the assembly area. Reconnaissance showed a strongly entrenched enemy line on a commanding ridge between the edge of the wood and the village. From the shelter of the trees, the British patrol observed the enemy sentries pacing to and fro on the parapet of the trenches, in blissful ignorance of the proximity of a large hostile force.

The attack from this quarter therefore came as a staggering surprise. Sentries and troops were too amazed to offer much resistance. Posinykoff, with enormous strides, was one of the first into the trenches. It was a heated race as to who should get there first, Russians or British. A dead heat resulted, though the enemy was a little too flustered to give a definite and unbiassed decision. Our men were amazed at the agility in slaying shown by the Russians. Hardly a single Bolo officer or commissar in that portion of the line survived the fury of Posinykoff and his men.

This position having been secured, all the troops moved forward without hesitation to the village. So rapid was their advance that it was necessary to curtail the artillery fire. Bolos in the houses

at the western end of Gorodok proved troublesome, till they were thoroughly terrified by a trench-mortar barrage, and by one hour after zero the whole village and its hamlets had passed into our possession, with three hundred prisoners. Large numbers of the enemy fled in disorder across the plain between the village and the Dvina river, the majority escaping to Borok, though many were shot down by rifle and Lewis-gun fire. A Bolo battery of 4.2 guns was still in action on the edge of the forest, and a desperate fight ensued on the arrival of one of our platoons. Three separate rushes were made to capture the guns, but the men were met by shells fired at point-blank range on each occasion. The battery was subsequently captured by an outflanking movement, and it was found to have been manned by a crew of German gunners.

Defensive preparations were in progress when the missing Bolos from Selmenga appeared suddenly at the edge of the wood. They emerged in extended order, with their rifles at the port, and began a steady advance on Gorodok. Such a magnificent target deserved a magnificent reception. Every Lewis gun and rifle in the British line poured out its greatest volume of fire. Terrific execution was done in the advancing line of men. Suddenly they wavered, then broke, and fled madly into the forest. Reorganising, they attempted another attack from the north side of the village,

but there they came under enfilade fire. This was too much for them. Throwing down their arms, they advanced with their hands high above their heads, and four hundred of them were taken without a murmur.

During the night and the following morning small groups of the enemy continued to come in from the forest, till the total prisoners captured by the Gorodok column numbered 750, including one regimental and two battalion commanders. The booty included nine field-guns, sixteen transport carts of the Russian Army, manufactured in England, sixteen machine-guns, and thousands of rifles.

Borok, the objective of the third column, proved a more strenuous task. The enemy was on the alert in this line, and it was a difficult operation to launch the attack. His fire was accurate, and at the outset the infantry made slow progress. Calls for artillery assistance resulted in H.M.S. *Humber* lodging shells on to the Bolo line, and the advance was continued. Three valuable officers had become casualties, however, two being killed, and this was a serious loss to the small column. Determined fighting ensued before three o'clock in the afternoon, when the few remaining Bolos in Borok surrendered with two field-guns to Major N—— of piscatorial fame.

Thus in one day a most crushing blow had been delivered at the large forces opposing us. Admittedly, the

Bolo flotilla had escaped, but he had lost on land at least 3700, killed, wounded, and prisoners, out of his 6000 effectives. Hundreds of the enemy were lost in the thick woods, and being without food must have perished. In the loss of guns and equipment he had also suffered heavily. We had captured eighteen field-guns, fifty machine-guns, twenty-six hundred rifles, and numerous horses, carts, telephones, and boxes of S.A.A. As a fighting force the Bolshevik no longer existed on the Dvina, for the remnants of his army were completely demoralised, and had retreated to Kotlas.

In a month he had recovered somewhat, and it is interesting to read an account of the action from his point of view, which appeared in the Bolshevik paper, 'Our War,' the organ of the political department of the Northern Army, dated the 5th of September. "A Few can do a Lot" is the title of the account, a translation of which follows:—

"On the 10th of August the enemy started an offensive on both banks of the Northern Dvina. As usual, the White Army mob did not act openly, but performed a dirty trick in trying to outflank our troops. In most cases an outflanking movement is calculated to have a moral effect, which is rather a nasty thing, as men get nervous and demoralised.

"The White Guards thought that they had already gained a victory, but they were badly mistaken. The Comrades of

Headquarters of the N— Rifle Brigade, situated about $1\frac{1}{2}$ versts from the outflanking column of the enemy, saw that it would be a disaster if the enemy broke through and developed his success. Therefore, at once, every one belonging to the Political Department of the N— Rifle Brigade Headquarters Commandant's troops rapidly armed themselves under the leadership of the Commander of Headquarters, Comrade An-tropov, and counter-attacked the enemy, who were in great strength, at least eight companies, with machine-guns, bomb-throwers, and mine-throwers.

"At the same moment the comrade sailors of the North Dvina flotilla opened a deadly artillery fire on the advancing enemy. The White Army, thinking that our brave fellows counter-attacking formed part of our reserves, hesitated, and then started a rapid and disorderly retreat. Then our horses, rapidly forming a cavalry unit, pushed forward and followed the white man. Seeing this, the cowardly White Guard in a panic, and shouting 'Cavalry!' fled into the wood, throwing away their rifles, ammunition, equipment, and a lot of bottles of rum.

"The enemy ran for all he was worth into the woods, where he perished in swamps; while our heroes, not losing a man, took quite a few villages which previously were held by the White. Thus a handful of heroes, with the help of the comrade sailors, dispersed

eight companies of White troops and prevented them from advancing for three days until the arrival of reinforcements.

"On the same day and time, happenings of a similar character took place on the right bank of the river, the enemy trying to outflank our troops here also. He tried a deep outflanking movement with three columns about 2500 strong, fully equipped, and even with mountain artillery. One of the outflanking columns, protected by the forest, appeared in front of the barbed wire and trenches which were occupied by dismounted cavalry of the N—— Division.

"The cavalry was carrying out its duties very inattentively and allowed the enemy to surround the regiment, but fighting heroically, the regiment broke through and escaped past the advancing hordes. At this time smaller numbers of heroes arrived to our assistance, namely, the service details to the N—— Brigade, at their head their chief, Comrade Tabror, and Commissar Klinin. This handful of heroes threw themselves fearlessly against the enemy, marched ten versts, and occupied the village, where they dug in. The enemy, thinking them to be our reinforcements, did not dare to continue his advance, satisfying himself in sending out a squadron of planes which bombed our heroes with bombs and gas mines.

"Afterwards the enemy began firing at the village with

heavy artillery. Regardless of all this, our supply heroes held the village.

"In this way two small parties gave the ginger Englishman and the White Guard filth a sound thrashing, so that these oversea pig-dogs do not dare to show their noses up to now. This is what happens if one keeps control. It gives a good hiding to rude blackguards.

"Let them not think that with their lowdown outflanking movements they can conquer us. No! Great is the power and might of the Soldiers of the Red Army.

"Comrades of the Red Army, take an example from your supply heroes. Learn from them. They did splendid work, and proved that, besides the knowledge of using the pen and supplying troops with baked bread, they can, in a critical moment, regardless of their lives, throw themselves against the superior forces of the enemy in an attack, and make them run away in panic.

"With more of this kind of fighter it would not take long to deal with the filthy White Guard dirt.

"Honour and glory to the heroes of Brigade Headquarters Department of Supplies."

The Editor of 'Our War,' in a footnote to this effusion, says:—

"Extremely glad for the correspondence of Comrade Gidrassow, who tries to draw the picture as it was. This kind of correspondence is most important and useful. Only in

this way can we learn the reasons of our defeat and the preventive steps to take in future.

"It is not possible, it seems, to sit in the trenches like moles in a hole and wait for the Englishman to come and cut us in two. Something else is needed. We know the places where flanking movements are possible.

"Comrades, we must learn from them not to be outflanked.

Organisation of communication with the rear is very important.

"Be on your guard, and think how to win."—THE EDITOR.

Comment is superfluous. One wonders whether Comrade Gidrassow was the publicity agent of the heroic Brigade Headquarters Department of Supplies, or if he happened to discover the abandoned jars of rum.

(To be continued.)

BUBB DODINGTON.

"DULCE et decorum est pro patria mori," says the poet. He might have added, with equal truth, that to live for the fatherland is neither sweet nor comely. They who live for the fatherland are wont also to live on the fatherland. "Service is obligation, and obligation implies return," says Bubb Dodington, summing up in these few candid words the purpose which has inspired politicians ever since popular government was invented. Dodington, indeed, faithfully respected the ancient tradition of his craft; his example has been piously followed by those who came after him; and if we would understand the strange processes by which the destinies of our country are controlled to-day, we cannot do better than study the industrious fruitless career of him who followed the trade of statesmanship for nearly half a century without losing sight of quarter-day, and who finally adopted for his own Rabelais' motto: *Et tout pour la trippe*.

George Bubb¹ was born in 1691, with five boroughs in his mouth. His father, Jere-

miah, said to have been a Weymouth apothecary, was lucky enough to marry Mary, the only sister of George Dodington, a Dorsetshire squire. The good fortune of the father descended tenfold to the son. He was brought up as became his uncle's heir, from Winchester went to Exeter College, Oxford, where he won an easy reputation as a poet, was returned to Parliament by George Dodington's own borough of Winchelsea when he was no more than twenty-three, and a year later set out for Spain as Envoy Extraordinary, that he might see the world and thus prepare for the "statesmanship" which was to be his trade. Nor was his time wasted. If he learned nothing else at Madrid, he learned, in conflict with Alberoni, the ease and value of political corruption, which solved differences of opinion far more speedily than argument ever could have done.

For George Bubb service abroad was but an interlude. After two years' sojourn at Madrid he resumed the duties of member for Winchelsea, and warmly espoused the

¹ When Browning wrote a "parleying" with him, Bubb Dodington was fading into forgetfulness. The "parleying," partially intelligible, ends as a couplet, which all can understand—

"folks see but one
Fool more, as well as knave, in Dodington."

In 'Patriot and Place-Hunter' (London: John Lane), Mr Lloyd Sanders has gathered together all that ever need be known about this master of intrigue, and has commented upon it with the wisdom that comes of wide reading and a balanced judgment.

cause of Walpole. In 1720 the death of his uncle made him the master of a large fortune and of the five boroughs, which conferred upon him, during a long life, place and influence and power. And the death of his uncle brought him something more than a ready-made position in politics: it ensured him a change of name. Henceforth he was to be known as Dodington, and the memory of Jeremiah, his offending father, should be as far as possible wiped out. Alas! the Bubb that was in him died hard. The satirists among his enemies—and his enemies were not few—did their best to perpetuate it, and as Bubb, Bubo, or even Bubington, was he known until the end.

When he emerged from the chrysalis of Bubb into the butterfly (or moth) that was Dodington, he was assuredly possessed of many advantages. Wealth was his in abundance, and the estate of Eastbury, where he spent £140,000 in finishing his uncle's house, gave him a dignity and importance which were felt far beyond the boundaries of his own county. However ill-chosen his friends may have been, he had a true gift of hospitality. He delighted to fill Eastbury, and afterwards La Trappe, his famous villa at Hammersmith, with guests and sycophants, and no slur was ever cast upon the quality of his Burgundy. His taste in decoration was opulent rather than refined. He had a natural love of marble

pillars and columns of *lapis lazuli*, of costly furniture and Greek statues. And yet even in his splendour a kind of tawdriness was always intervening, as though Bubb was still looking over the shoulder of Dodington. His own state-bed, for instance, a glory of Eastbury, was surrounded by a carpet embroidered in gold and silver, which betrayed its origin from old coats, waistcoats, and breeches, by the impregnable testimony of pockets, button-holes, and loops. The breeches, turned to the purpose of ornament, were typical of his character. "See! sportive Fate," writes Pope,

"to punish awkward pride
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a
guide :
A standing sermon, at each year's ex-
pense,
That never coxcomb reached magni-
ficence."

His wit was better than his taste. His reputation for this, the rarest of all gifts, which envious Time does not preserve, is well founded upon the evidence of his foes. Horace Walpole, who had no reason to love him, admits that Lord Hervey and Dodington "were the only two he ever knew who were always aiming at wit, and generally found it," and surely the specimen, which he quotes—a translation of the motto on the caps of the soldiers of the Hanoverians, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, "they never mean to go back"—is vastly to his credit. Unfortunately for his memory, his diary is utterly devoid of the one quality in which he ex-

celled. He displays in it no glimmer of his wit, and being a politician he had no hint of humour. It is true that Pope dismisses him as "a half-wit." "I wonder not," he writes to Swift, "that Bubb paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland. He is too much of a half-wit to love a true-wit, and too much half honest to esteem any entire merit." But so sincere was Pope in his hatred of Dodington, that he shrank from his friendly approach. "I hope, and I think, he hates me too," said he, "and I will do my best to make him. He is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it." However, in Pope's despite, Dodington still stands among the wits, and ambitious as he was to write verses himself, he took a simple delight in the society of poets. He was constantly on the look-out for talent, and it was part of his coxcomb's magnificence to play the patron's part. There was nothing he loved so much as a dedication, and all were welcome at Eastbury who would sing its owner's praise. Sometimes his impertunity met with rebuff, and one failure at least was fortunate for him. He solicited in vain the friendship of Samuel Johnson, and thus escaped an encounter which would not have flattered him. Had the two met in Boswell's presence, we should be the richer for half a dozen pages. But Dodington could never have cajoled the Philosopher with the skill of John Wilkes,

and Johnson would have tolerated his coxcombry as little as he would have borne with his inveterate Whiggishness.

If he missed Johnson, he attached to him, even in undying print, two such great men as Henry Fielding and James Thomson. Truly Fielding was not on oath when he wrote his poem, "Of True Greatness," and yet it cannot have been a happy memory to him. With a lavish hand he covered in flattery the trafficker in boroughs. Let us hope that the genius of satire came to his aid when he penned these lines—

"Some greatness in myself perhaps I
view;
Not that I write, but that I write to
you."

This is bad enough, and the eulogy becomes grosser as it is more precise. With yet greater effrontery Fielding celebrates his patron's poems—

"Yourself th' unfashionable lyre have
strung,
Have own'd the Muses and their
darling young.
All court their favour when by all
approved;
E'en virtue, if in fashion, would be
loved.
You for their sakes with fashion dare
engage,
Mæcenas you in no Augustan age."

And those lines were bound up in the same work which contained a supreme masterpiece of irony—'Jonathan Wild'!

If some there were who doubted his pretension to wit, all were agreed that he was a coxcomb. He lived pompously and on parade. His

clothes had the same sort of magnificence as his houses. Wherever he went he was pointed out with the finger rather of ridicule than of respect. Chesterfield, who was quicker than any of his contemporaries to distinguish between the true and the false in life and manners, gave him an eminence in coxcombry. "With submission to my Lord Rochester," he wrote, "God made Dodington the coxcomb he is; mere human means could not have brought it about. He is a coxcomb superior to his parts, though his parts are superior to almost anybody's. He is thoroughly convinced of the beauty of his person, which cannot be worse than it is without deformity." As Walpole allows him wit, so Chesterfield allows him parts, and then confesses that "what it is difficult for him to do, he even overrates his own parts." He, in truth, was no common coxcomb. "Common coxcombs," says Chesterfield, "hope to impose upon others more than they impose upon themselves; Dodington is sincere, nay, moderate: for he thinks still ten times better of himself than he owns. Blest coxcomb!"

The fine irony of this passage pictures us Dodington as he was. Of what use were wit and parts, if they were not protected from ridicule and contempt by judgment and discretion? Yet there was something heroic in Dodington's accepting the rôle of coxcomb put upon him by Providence. He triumphed over the obstacles

of mind and body. He was very fat. Horace Walpole's brother, Ned, said he was "grown of less consequence and more weight," and corpulence and coxcombry do not agree. He was, moreover, of those who, living in the world and pretending to omniscience, understood nothing. Shelburne, a not unkindly witness, describes him as "a man who passed his life with great men whom he did not know, and in the midst of affairs which he never comprehended." Yet with him, says Shelburne, it was impossible to *formaliser*. When Shelburne reminded him of a piece of base conduct, Dodington replied: "Well, when did you know anybody get out of a great scrape but by a great lye." How could he fail to disarm criticism, for the moment, by so open a confession?

So it came about that he was one of those unfortunate people whom, in Hervey's phrase, "it was the fashion to abuse and ungenteel to be seen with." In spite of his ambition and pertinacity, he had a rare gift of displeasing, a gift for which his boroughs alone were some sort of compensation. His attack upon politics was thus rendered more difficult, and yet his spirit was undaunted. At any rate, he possessed one quality which always stands a politician in good stead,—he was wholly devoid of principles, prejudices, and convictions. He called himself a Whig, as the most of his contemporaries did, and he was an apt pupil of the Devil, the first of his kind.

But had the Tories been strong enough, he would willingly have served them, and he made more than one attempt at a coalition. Backed by no principles, harbouring no opinions, he could be loyal neither to himself nor to the associates whom he could not honestly call friends. Hanbury-Williams hit him off in a few lines—

"To no one party, no one man,
Not to his ownself tight,
For what he voted for at noon,
He rail'd against at night."

Nevertheless there remained the boroughs—

"One-half of Winchelsea is mine,
And so's Bridgewater too;
Poole, as you know, my wash-pot is,
O'er Wells I cast my shoe."

It was natural, then, that at the outset he should follow the fortunes of Walpole. He saw that Minister safely entrenched in office, as he thought, for the term of his natural life, and the hope of profit followed his inclination. He heaped Walpole with flatteries in exchange for honours and emoluments. He was made a Lord of the Treasury and Clerk of the Polls in Ireland, a pleasant sinecure which he kept until the end of his life. It is characteristic of him that on one of his rare visits to the country which gave him an income he posed as a patriot, and in the true spirit of the coxcomb arrayed himself in a suit made of Irish material. Swift was quick with the retort that "the Irish Parliament made him a present of seven or eight hundred a year

for laying out forty or fifty shillings on Irish stuff." Not content with supporting Walpole, by a stroke of the ill-fortune which never deserted him, in 1726 he composed a poem in the Minister's honour, and set his devotion irrevocably upon paper. A year later he had ratted, and one unfortunate line—"in power a servant, out of power a fiend"—clung to him through all his life. Even if the world had been willing to forget it, Pope would not let it fall into oblivion, and at each new piece of treachery Dodington was reminded of it.

Dodington's obsequiousness to Walpole lasted until the death of George I., when he prematurely transferred his flattery, his devotion, and his boroughs to Sir Spencer Compton, whom all the world marked down as Walpole's successor. Leicester House, which once seemed like a desert, was packed from morning to night, "like the 'Change at noon," said an observer. "But Sir Robert Walpole," as Hervey tells us, "walked through those rooms as if they had been still empty; his presence, which used to make a crowd wherever he appeared, now emptied every corner he turned to, and the same people who were officiously a week ago clearing the way to flatter his prosperity, were now getting out of it to avoid sharing his disgrace." In politics it is ever the same—"farewell goes out sighing"; and Dodington was among the first to smile a

welcome to Sir Spencer Compton. As usual, he overplayed his part. He showed himself base where he hoped to be cunning; and when Walpole returned instantly to the councils of the new king, after Sir Spencer's pitiful failure, Dodington was driven into opposition, and became the more bitterly rancorous because he knew that he was unforgiven.

If he could no longer assail Walpole with his flattery, he soon found another and, as he thought, a more profitable object of worship. The King's son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, soon followed his father to England, and in accord with a settled practice set up a rival court of his own. Dodington was among the first to bow the knee to the new prince, and was presently rewarded by being appointed adviser and first Minister. The letter, in which he announced his good intentions and sketched his simple hopes for the future, is cited by Mr Sanders, and is characteristic of its author. "I have set my whole heart," wrote Dodington, "on your happiness, but I place it in your glory, and this last in the welfare of our country. To see that life and gaiety, which makes you the delight of all that are near you, corrected by a severe probity and rigid honour, makes me every day bless my good fortune and your partiality to me; but when I consider the happiness of millions one day flowing from you, as the effect of that

probity and honour, I am thoroughly charmed with the prospect, and am proud to own that your good opinion does give one a pleasure that the friendship of a private man could not give." The sincerity of the last sentence is at least unquestioned. The friendship of any man was as nothing in Dodington's eyes, unless it could bring him wealth and preferment. And he cared not a jot how thickly he plastered his victims with vain eulogy, if only he might use them for his own purpose. To the Prince the gabble about glory and probity and honour was probably unintelligible. He looked upon Dodington with a sternly practical eye. He was not at the pains to spell his name correctly, and in his illiterate letters addressed him as Dorrington. But he found him and his wealth useful, and thought it a clear proof of his folly that one day he was able, in Shelburne's phrase, to "touch him" for £5000. Thus for a while the ill-balanced friendship lasted. The Prince and his satellite were neighbours as well as friends, and Dodington had received the last gratification of a key, which should admit him, when he would, to Carlton House. The quarrel came soon, as it was bound to come, since not even the Prince could have confidence in the man who had already turned against one benefactor, and interested conspirators intensified the distrust. Nor was the discarded favourite permitted to go quietly away. His fall was

duly advertised by the shrubs which were planted between his house and the Prince's garden, and by the changed looks of Carlton House.

No resource, then, was left for Dodington save to crawl back in all humility to Walpole. He was received with severity, and went obediently to heel. "As to what you said," Walpole told Hervey in 1735, "about my enemies being great with impunity, I have told Dodington this very morning that I will no longer bear his shuffling, fast-and-loose conduct, and will rather risk the entering into the next session of Parliament with a majority only of forty or fifty than go on in this way. I desired, therefore, we might understand one another, and he has, with the greatest submission, promised everything I could require with regard to his future good behaviour." Walpole's righteous insolence, which might have angered a better man, left Dodington unscathed. He merely pocketed his pride and doubled his resentment, and while he served Walpole openly he lost no opportunity of fighting against him in secret. He showed great skill and pertinacity in organising oppositions, and it was not his fault that none of them succeeded. He acted for a while as the Duke of Argyle's spaniel, and when in 1742 Walpole fell from power he was loudest in his insults to the ruined Minister. Sir Robert was content to dismiss "Mr Dodington, who had called his administration infamous, as a person of great

self-mortification, who, for sixteen years, had condescended to bear part of the odium."

So he sank in the public esteem, and in spite of his boroughs was compelled always to be in the minority, because no majority would accept him. At the first report of Culloden, says Horace Walpole, he "came out with an illumination; so pretty, that I believe he had it by him, ready for *any* occasion." A few years later he is pictured as "so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue." And then in 1749, by a supreme stroke of luck, the Prince of Wales called him to his councils again. Once more he became one of the band of conspirators at Carlton House, who framed their mimic cabinets and dreamed of what they would do when the King died. Dodington was triumphant, and more frankly obsequious than ever. At last he had won the position and the influence which he had yearned for, and he was determined not to lose them. So proud was he of his place, so highly flattered by the honour done him, that he sat him down to compose a Diary, which is a document of surpassing value, and which displays in his true and lasting colours the complete politician. Lord Charlemont described it as "the statesman's cabinet unlocked," and the description is precisely accurate, if we put "politician" for "statesman."

How the Diary came to be published is no less interesting than its cynical contents. Dodington's papers passed through the hands of Thomas Wyndham,

who died in 1777, to Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, with a request "not to print or publish any of them, but those that are proper to make publick, and such only as may, in some degree, do honour to his memory." Now, Henry Penruddocke Wyndham was a gentleman who lacked neither ingenuity nor candour. He admits at once that Dodington's conduct is proved by the Diary to "have been wholly directed by the base motives of avarice, vanity, and selfishness." How, then, should its publication do honour to Dodington's memory? It depends wholly upon the meaning which we attach to Dodington's sense of honour. The Editor makes no concealment of his own opinion, and he asks himself the question: "How could I, with such sentiments of the Diary, venture to publish it, consistent with the clauses in the will?" He concludes from the care with which the Diary is copied out, that Dodington designed it for publication, and further meant it as an apology for his political conduct. In other words, he assumed that Dodington himself saw nothing dishonourable in his Diary, and though he did not agree with Dodington's estimate of the work, he felt bound to sacrifice his own judgment. "The prejudices, perhaps, of education," says he ingenuously, "have instilled in my mind ideas of honour very different from those of his lordship, which—

It is an ingenious defence, which we may accept or not as we please, and Wyndham does not strengthen it by pretending that the Diary may inculcate a useful lesson; that, in fact, "the country gentlemen, in particular, may learn from it, that they have as much to dread from those who are in pursuit of power as from those in actual possession of it; from those who are, hopefully, working in the cold climate of disappointment as from those who are luxuriously basking in the sunshine of enjoyment." That the career of Dodington is an awful warning is true enough. It is true also that the warning has not been of the slightest service in purifying the morals of politicians. And though, when he printed the Diary, Henry Penruddocke Wyndham gave us a document of great value, it cannot be said that he did honour to his victim's memory.

In Dodington's Diary, as I have said, we see the complete politician displayed, with all his cunning, all his immorality, all his indifference. If any of the egoists who to-day misgovern the country had the candour to expose their method and ambition, they would use the same terms as served the ingenious Dodington. They have not the candour, and, as far as we know, none of them has set down upon paper a faithful record of his misdeeds. But here is Dodington as our guide, and what he did we may be sure his successors are doing, if with less than his energy and resolution, with the

'putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similes.'"

best gifts they can summon to the task. Never once, then, did a thought of his country or a scruple of conscience disturb him. He knew only one aim, the advancement of Dodington, and one means, the discomfiture of Dodington's rivals. He was always talking of action, and he dealt in nothing but speech. As far as touched him, the government of the country was carried on by interminable arguments, held with those in whose hands lay the distribution of offices. It mattered not a jot what this man or that did when he got into office, it mattered a vast deal who got into office. The complete politician, then as now, was handicapped by no principles, no opinions, no prejudices. Dodington had as little humour as honour—humour is a quality fatal to politicians—and he saw nothing ridiculous in his shiftings and turnings, in his constant eaves-dropping at the backstairs. The more secrets he knew the better for him, as he might turn them against his friends, if he were encumbered with such things, and make up in blackmail what he wanted in sagacity. When he was out for the hundred and fiftieth time the world laughed at him, and laughed especially at the gravity of his demeanour. So well did he play his losing game that at last nobody would be led by him, and yet, like the true artist that he was, he still followed his dreary craft for its own sake, though he must have known that nothing short of earthquakes and the

deaths of kings could advance him.

He makes no pretence of taking interest in the affairs of Great Britain. He was living and plotting through those great years in which the elder Pitt was establishing the British Empire all the world over, and the triumph of England did not for an hour disturb his sedulous intrigue. He does not mention Plassey or Quebec. If the names of Clive and Wolfe were ever borne to his ears, they were speedily forgotten. He was far too busy arguing with Ministers about his past services to show any interest in the victories of our British arms. He thought his duty accomplished when he had done his best to exclude Pitt from the management of affairs. If he had had his way we should have muddled through to hopeless disaster under the auspices of Newcastle, and Dodington would have thought the world well lost if only the ruins had struck him the proud Treasurer of the Navy. At any rate, he was furious when Pitt was given his golden opportunity, and not a crumb of comfort was thrown to him. Nothing shows his true character more clearly than his comment upon Pitt's happy accession to power. "Thus ended this attempt," he writes in his Diary, "to deliver the King from hands he did not like." It mattered not to the politician that those hands presently saved England.

His Diary is one of those docu-

ments which can never disappoint us. He discloses all that he said and thought with a candour which no other politician has equalled. From the very beginning of his second period of service under the Prince, Dodington settled down comfortably to that which he loved best—a life of cunning. If there were nobody to plot against, he would plot against himself rather than be idle. Happily for him, his enemies gave him plenty to do. When the Prince—in 1749—offered him “the full return of his favour,” he was overjoyed. It is true, that for the moment he held office under Pelham, to whom he was pledged. But as he knew no loyalty, so he speedily invented an excuse. “I saw the country in so dangerous a condition,” he told Pelham, “and found myself incapable to contribute to its relief and so unwelcome to attempt it, that I thought it misbecame me to receive great emoluments from a country whose service I could not, and if I could I should not, be suffered to promote.” The ingenuity of the excuse is admirable, and Dodington went down to Kew, proudly conscious of an act of high unselfishness. If he had renounced office, he had renounced it willingly, and the kindness of the Prince, who “often admitted him to the honour of supping with him,” was sufficient reward.

The Prince marched boldly from words to deeds, and offered Dodington £2000 a year. The offer was not serious. The Prince was far

more likely to “touch” his adviser than to pay him. But Dodington was always a stickler for form, and he humbly desired to stand upon the establishment without any salary, with the sole condition that he should take what the Prince designed for him when he should be king. The Prince, not a whit below Dodington as a comedian, solemnly assured him that, while it well became him to make the offer of voluntary service, it did not become him to accept it. And then they fell to bargaining. In truth, their favourite pastime was to cut up the skin before the bear was killed! As soon as the King died, Dodington was to have a peerage, with the management of the House of Lords, and the seals of Secretary of State for the Southern Province. So splendid was the prospect that he cared not a jot whether he was paid his salary or not. He beguiled the time spent at Kew pleasantly enough in devising comfortable plans for himself and his friends, and in praying that the King might be speedily removed to a still more exalted sphere.

His good fortune did not escape envy. Enemies sprang up in the very household of the Prince himself. A rancorous pamphlet charged him—the blameless Dodington—with intruding into the family to create differences. His righteous indignation was unbounded. When he was urged to come to an explanation with the Prince, his air of startled innocence

suggested that he had never inspired a pamphlet in his life, that he knew nothing about the act of undermining a colleague. He cajoled, he importuned, he plotted with Lord Middlesex or with any other who would listen to him, he pleaded his own unworthiness. "Every one had their faults," he said; "I might be vain, I might be high, and yet mean very well, and be made very useful." There speaks the true Dodington, who, in what he called "transacting business," was indefatigable. He was ready to spend days, even weeks, in talk, and if he did not convince his interlocutors, he must surely have bored them. How long the Prince's patience would have endured the garrulity of his humble servitor we do not know, for the argument was abruptly brought to a sudden end by his death.

Thus, in a moment, Dodington's vision of peerages, ribbons, and secretaryships of state vanished into thin air, and he was left friendless and alone. That he might serve the Prince, he had angered the King and deserted Pelham. Yet he was neither dismayed nor abashed. He composed a funeral oration upon his master and himself, which Horace Walpole called *Bubb de tristibus*, and which he certainly did not intend should bloom and wither in obscurity. "We have lost the delight and ornament of the age he lived in," thus he wrote of the Prince, with whom he had been eagerly anticipating his

father's death; . . . "we have lost the refuge of private distress, the balm of the afflicted heart, the shelter of the miserable against the fury of private calamity; the arts, the graces, the anguish, the misfortunes of society have lost their patron and their remedy. I have lost my protector, my companion, my friend that loved me, that condescended to hear, to communicate, to share in all the pleasures and pains of the human heart, where the social affections and emotions of the mind only presided, without regard to the infinite disproportion of our rank and condition." With much more to the same purport. And having disburdened his soul, he looked about him for a fresh patron, a fresh occasion of intrigue. His task was not easy. So far he had never been faithful to the trust reposed in him. He had insulted Walpole, he had insulted Pelham, he had sided with the Prince against his father. At the very moment of the Prince's death he had been busy with a project which taxed to the full even his ingenuity. This was nothing less than a union between the independent Whigs and the Tories. The new Party, sketched by Dodington's sanguine mind, was to "renounce all tincture of Jacobitism, and offer short but constitutional and revolutionary principles." Only a true politician could invent such principles as those—principles which were at once "constitutional and rev-

olotional"; and Dodington must have smiled with an inward satisfaction as he wrote the words. He thought, moreover, that "there were good grounds to hope for a happy issue." And then the Prince died. And what could Dodington do but exclaim: "Father of mercy, Thy hand, that wounds, alone can save!"

It will be seen that his hope—to unite the incompatibles, to abolish principles at a stroke—is the hope which has inspired all politicians who have lived and plotted since the time of Dodington. It inspires the eminent statesmen who rule us to-day. If only constitutional meant the same thing as revolutionary, there would be no more strife, and the best and wisest of Prime Ministers, whoever he be, might be tenant for life of his high office. But Dodington's plot of a new party failed, as such plots always fail, and he had done nothing more than make a new crop of enemies. Neither his spirit nor his resource deserted him. He swore eternal fidelity to the widowed Princess, and went straight off to Pelham, offering him his allegiance, and his interest, and his boroughs on certain terms. The position was simple enough. "As I was now," wrote Dodington, "entirely free from engagements, I was sincerely desirous of Mr Pelham's favour and friendship, if he would accept of my friendship and attachment; if, then, he would accept of my services, he might, *under proper conditions*, command my interest,

and in that case nobody would be more welcome to me at Weymouth than Mr Ellis."

Cynicism cannot go further than this. Of principles, opinions, patriotic aims, Dodington knew nothing. Pelham had a place or two to sell, and Dodington had a handful of boroughs—the currency which could purchase them. And the old comedy went on again, transferred to another stage. Both parties were willing to do business, and a bargain might easily have been struck, if only the King had not been obdurate. He was not a politician in the true sense. He had been affronted by Dodington, and he was very angry. He would not forgive the man who had encouraged his son in rebellion. When Dodington appeared at Court the King asked Pelham what brought him thither. Pelham replied, "to show his duty, and that he wished to live in his favour." "No," said the King, "there has been too much of that already." However, the conversations continued without any result for some three years. Dodington was truculent and obsequious by turns. When the Princess taxed him with disloyalty to her, he said that "in politics we must act in some way or other, and we cannot cease action for a time and then take it up again." That such a man should use the word "action" at all is absurd, and yet why should he under-rate his services, when he would "undertake to chuse five members for the present Ministry without putting them to a

shilling expense or desiring them to make a single tide-waiter"? Pelham escaped from Dodington's importunity by death alone, and left him and his grievances and his threats to his brother, the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke and Dodington were perfectly well matched. Each wanted to get as much as he could out of the other. The Duke knew how handsome Dodington's proceedings had been, and Dodington blandly reminded the Duke that "there were few who could give the King six members for nothing." For nothing, said he! Yet for nothing he would stir neither hand nor foot. Every "action" which he performed had its price, and mounted in value like the Sibylline books. He was not one to forget "marketable ware." When, to serve the King, he took part in the Bridgewater election, the sum of money he had spent there rose in the course of a few months from £2000 to £3400, and finally reached the respectable figure of £4000.

And then, as if to increase the value of his sacrifice, he had the impudence to deplore the corruption of the voters. He solemnly regrets the days which were "spent in the infamous and disagreeable compliance with the low habits of venal wretches." Thus the politician always deplores the manners and morals of the electors, whom his own greed and cunning have corrupted. The hypocrisy is an uglier sin than the greed, and you may match them both to-day

at any by-election. The candidates still flatter the venal wretches on the platform at the top of their voice, and then in the intimacy of colleagues paint them in their true colours. As for Dodington, he liked neither the wretches nor their low habits. He gladly tolerated them because, with an energy which in another cause might have been admirable, he was determined to make some figure in life. "I earnestly hoped it might be under your protection," he told Newcastle, "but if that could not be, I must make some figure; what it would be, I could not determine yet; I must look round a little, and consult my friends, but some figure I was resolved to make." To us it seems remarkable that these two plotters could meet day after day and bargain and chaffer, without laughing in one another's face. And yet they were particularly grave about it, and I do not suppose that Dodington smiled, even when the Duke of Newcastle kissed him!

Dodington did not cut the figure he wished to cut, and Newcastle so far failed to appease the placeman that he was presently charged with "weakness, meanness, cowardice, and baseness." But at last the King, upon whose death Dodington had speculated for a quarter of a century, died, and Dodington was raised by his successor to the peerage as Lord Melcombe. His childish vanity expressed itself with childish exuberance, and the honour, enjoyed for too brief

a space, inspired him, no doubt, to compose the best copy of verses that ever he wrote. After all, the policy of unenlightened egoism which he had pursued for sixty years had served him well enough, and as he looked back on his career, he saw and put into words what had always been his true aim—

“Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,
’Tis enough that when it fell
Thou its ruin didst not share.”

We can almost forgive Dodington all his follies, all his vices for those few words,

“not with too intense a care,” in which are summed up, with an exquisite touch of humour, the selfishness of his kind. In brief, he was a politician, not a patriot nor a leader of a forlorn hope. And they err who say that we must forgive him, because he should not be tried by the standard of our time. The standard of his day is still the standard of ours. Whether we like it or not, we are governed by Dodingtons, whose care of their country is not “too intense,” and who agree with their master that “it is all for quarter-day.”

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE ANCHORITE'S STORY.

BY C. A. KINCAID, C.V.O.

IT was the tenth of the bright half of Kartik, or in the phraseology of Europe, somewhere towards the end of October. I had gone down to Pandharpur, the great seat of Krishna-worship in the Maratha country, that I might see the pilgrims come from all parts of the Deccan—indeed from all parts of India—to prostrate themselves before the image of the god Krishna. There was still a good deal of water in the Bhima river, that runs in a wide sweep past Pandharpur, and the ferry-men were doing a roaring business, plying their ferry-boats full of pilgrims, armed with yellow flags, across the river. The red horse-heads which adorn every Pandharpur ferry-boat bobbed up and down as they breasted the current, and the men and women on board laughed as the waves splashed them and wetted their clothes.

Suddenly I saw a begging bowl thrust under my nose, and I heard a deep gruff voice say in a whine, that was yet half a threat—

“Alms! alms! In the name of God, give me alms!”

I turned and saw a man in the saffron garb of the anchorite with shaven head and a rosary of tulsi beads

round his neck. He was a big burly man, and his bold, roguish eyes were at variance with his sacred calling. In the hope of a story, I threw a silver coin into his bowl and said “Salaam Maharaj! Are you a Brahman of Pandharpur?” At the same time I drew a cigar-case from my pocket and offered him a cigar. The anchorite’s lips curved in a hesitating smile, which grew broader as he said, “Ah! the Sahib talks Marathi. He understands.” Then, after a pause, he said, “I am not a Brahman, Sahib; I am a Gurav¹ from the temple at Atibaleshwar.” “You are a Gurav from Atibaleshwar,” I repeated. “I know the temple there well. But what brings you here, Bhatji?” “It is a long story, Sahib; but if you will sit down under yonder tree, where I have my staff and black buckskin, it may interest you to hear it.” The anchorite led me to a tree some way down the stream. There he had built himself a clay stove, and there lay his cooking pots and bedding. The breeze from the river was cool, the shade was thick, and there was probably not a cosier or more secluded nook in all Pandharpur. At the same time it commanded a fine view

¹ Guravs are a Sudra caste who sweep the temples and keep them clean. They take no part in the worship of the god. That is for the Brahmans.

of the anchorite's natural prey, the simple pious pilgrims who were flocking to Pandharpur. The anchorite pointed to a comfortable little mound and said "Apan basa" (be seated), and then, lighting my cheroot and enjoying its fumes, began his story.

"Until a little more than a year ago, Sahib, I was, as I have said, one of the Guravs of Atibaleshwar. It is our duty, as you know, to sweep the temple floor and courtyard; and until the monsoon before last, that was my life's work. But often in those terrible four months, when the never-ending rain pours down, I had often wished that I could leave Atibaleshwar and go and see the wide world outside. But I feared that if I did I should be excluded from the temple on my return. One day, however, a cultivator of Jor unearthed a pot full of gold coins and ornaments that had belonged, so men said, to the More family of King Shivaji's time. This led to a great deal of trouble. We Guravs of Atibaleshwar had come to Jor because of the heavy rain, and we demanded and received a share of the treasure. Then the sub-inspector of police heard of it, and, pretending to act on behalf of the Sarkar, came to Jor and made the villagers give their shares to him. The Guravs all entrusted me with their shares, and I hid in the woods. Then the Assistant Collector came and had the sub-inspector arrested. But I feared that I should also be arrested, so I went *vid*

Satara to Poona, and then to Bombay. When I had spent the money, I would have returned to Atibaleshwar, for I was tired of sight-seeing. But I had spent the shares of the other Guravs as well as my own, so, instead of returning home, I went northwards from Poona to Khed. There is a temple at Khed, and a sacred pool where the villagers round about go and bathe, and I had the thought that I would make Khed as holy as Dnyandev made Alandi. The Sahib knows the story?"

"Yes," I said, "I knew it well. The great saint buried himself alive at Alandi in the very spot which the Lord Krishna pointed out to him."

"Hoy, Sahib," went on the anchorite, "and I, too, gave out that I would bury myself alive at Khed. I told this to the Brahmans, but at first they only laughed at me. But when I told them that they would profit much, in that pilgrims from Junnar and Nasik would go to Khed on the road to Pandharpur before they had given away all their money, they entered into my scheme. They went through the town saying that a very holy man had come and was about to bury himself alive to do honour to the Lord Krishna. I went into an open space in the town and sat motionless as if in a trance. When men asked me why I had come, I said that the Lord Krishna had bidden me bury myself at Khed, just as Dnyandev had buried himself at Alandi; and I added that

the Lord Krishna had promised me that pilgrims who visited my grave on the thirteenth of the dark half of Kartik would gain as much merit as if they had that day visited the shrine of Dnyandev at Alandi.

"The news that I was going to bury myself like Dnyandev, and that Khed would thereafter become as holy as Alandi, spread through the town. All the youth of the place readily came forward to dig me a grave, and all the townspeople came to supply me with rich food in their gratitude that so great a saint should have deigned to sanctify their township."

Just then a band of well-to-do pilgrims started to cross the river in a ferry-boat. My friend the Gurav sprang to his feet and said, "Sahib, you must excuse me; I must enable those pilgrims to acquire merit by giving me alms." With these words he would have left me, but I slipped a ten-rupee note into his begging bowl and said, "Nay, Bhatji, you must finish your story." The Gurav's eyes glittered when he saw the note, and blessing me, he said, "May you be rich and happy always, O incarnation of Yudhishtira!" Then he continued his story. "It was then, Sahib, only the month of Bhadrapad (August). So all through Bhadrapad and Ashwin (September) the good people of Khed brought me milk and fruits, and women came and gave me money for

love philtres for their husbands and for charms and amulets for their children. In this way I collected nearly fifty rupees, and I wished to leave Khed and start a similar business in some other township. But when, one night, I thought of going, I found that the villagers had posted sentries all round the open space where I had camped, for it seems that some doubted my good faith, and all were determined that they would get their money's worth, and that, whether I liked it or not, I should take *samadhi*¹ in the grave that they had dug for me. Now it so chanced that the sub-inspector of police, a Brahman, had recently married a young wife. At first she came to me to buy a love philtre for her husband, who was chilled with age. But afterwards she came because she grew to love me. The night following that of my attempted flight—for she used to slip out of her house after her evening meal—she noticed that I was more thoughtful than usual, and she asked the cause. I told her about the cruelty of the villagers, and I confessed to her that I had never meant to bury myself. I feared that on hearing this she would have turned and left me. But to my surprise, she threw her arms round my neck and wept with joy. 'Beloved,' she cried, 'this is indeed good news. I feared so that I should lose you in a few days'

¹ Samadhi ghenen (to take samadhi) is the phrase used when a saint buries himself alive.

time; and now I know that we shall live together and be happy always!' Then we talked and plotted together; and at last she hit upon this plan. She would steal me a sepoy's uniform from her husband's lines and, dressed in it, I would safely slip through the cordon which the villagers had drawn round me. This plan seemed to me excellent; but it was easier to make than to carry through. Evening after evening she came to me to say that she had failed to secure the sepoy's uniform, so strictly were strangers kept out of the lines. The bright half of Kartik came and went; then the first week of the dark half; then followed the 8th, 9th, 10th, and still the sub-inspector's wife had not brought me the sepoy's clothes. On the 11th the villagers fasted to purify themselves for my *samadhi*. On the 12th they broke their fast, and feasted in my honour; and I, too, had to join in their feast, although my tongue clove to my palate with fear; for, unless I escaped that night, the next day would be my last. My grave had been dug eight feet deep, a black-buck's skin had been spread over the bottom of it, and a stack of weed, the smoke of which was to stupefy me when the mouth of the grave was being closed, was piled up in a corner. Happily, the villagers did not expect gaiety from an anchorite, so after they had feasted they left me, confident that next day I should make their town holy for ever. But the sentries posted round

me never relaxed their watch, and were as wakeful as ever. I could not sleep, such was my fear; always, too, I hoped against hope that the Brahman woman would come and save me. Nor did my hope prove false. Two hours after midnight I heard a voice whisper, not far from me, 'Maharaj! I have come.' I could see nothing, because, as you know, Sahib, the nights are moonless on the thirteenth of the dark half of the month. But I knew from the voice that it was the sub-inspector's wife. She had not been able to steal a sepoy's dress, so she had actually brought me her own husband's uniform covered with silver braid. I tore off my anchorite's robe, I slipped on the sub-inspector's uniform, and with a bold step I marched through the ring of sentries. The Brahman girl followed me, carrying my anchorite's gown tied up in a bundle. The villagers, thinking me to be the sub-inspector on his rounds, let us pass by them and out of the town. We walked as fast as we could for the rest of the night towards Bhimashankar, for I knew that the sub-inspector and the villagers would join in hunting us down. When the sun rose, I took off the uniform and, hiding it in a cavity in a dry torrent-bed, put on again my anchorite's gown. Then we hid in a little wood and rested there throughout the day. When darkness fell we set out again, and before morning we had reached the hills, and I knew that we were fairly safe. The Brahman girl

had brought some food with her, and she bought some more from the hillmen's huts. Thus we had strength to make our way to one of the peaks of Bhimashankar, from which one can look down many hundred feet into the Konkan. There we made ourselves a little hut and lived together as happily as ever Rama and Sita did on the banks of the Godavari. One day, however, the Brahman girl, on going to a neighbouring village, heard that the sub-inspector was still searching for us, and that in a day or two he and his sepoy would beat all the jungles on Bhimashankar. I knew then that if we stayed we should be taken, and I also knew that that rakshas (devil) of a sub-inspector would surely hand me over to the villagers of Khed to bury alive. I stormed and cursed myself for ever having left Atibaleshwar; and at last I told the Brahman girl that she must leave me and return to her husband. But truly, Sahib, I had no inkling of what was to follow. I, indeed, thought only how to save myself. She threw herself at my feet and cried and implored me not to leave her, promising me that she would save me, as she had saved me before. But when fear has hold of a man, he will not listen to reason. Losing all patience, I pushed her violently from me and went to perform my evening sandhyas (prayers); for at all times, Sahib, I have strictly observed the rites of our religion. Seeing that I would not yield, she rose to her feet and, salaaming, said bitterly, 'Farewell, then,

Maharaj. It has truly been said that a Sudra can never become a Brahman, even though he bathe in the Ganges.' Then pulling her sari (mantle) forward over her head, she ran to the edge of the cliff and sprang off it into space. For some minutes I was too shocked to do anything, then I crept to the mountain's edge and looked over. At first I saw nothing; then I made out ever so far below me a red spot, which I knew to be the Brahman woman's clothes. I would have fled from the place at once, but it was growing dark and I had heard of a man-eating panther in the forest. So I stayed the night in my hut, covering my head carefully with my sheet; for I feared that the bodiless spirit of the Brahman girl might enter my mouth as I slept, and possessing me, bring me to ruin. Next morning I rose and, after performing my sandhyas, crept again to the edge of the cliff and saw the red spot untouched. The jackals had not found her in the night. But as I looked, I became aware of a black speck in the sky, and then another and then another. I knew then that the vultures had seen her body, and that before evening they would have eaten it. I went back to my hut, and, picking up my small belongings, ran as fast as I could from the accursed place. By great good fortune I escaped the toils laid for me by the sub-inspector, and I made my way northwards to Nasik. There I met a Brahman priest, who fed and cared

for me like a father ; and when he died of cholera, as he did two or three months later, he left me all his small savings. After mourning for him and burning his body and throwing his bones into the Godavari, I came here to worship the Lord Krishna."

"You were fortunate," I said, "in finding so kindly a priest. But I was at Nasik at the time, and I heard evil men say—for there are evil men even in so holy a place as Nasik—that the old priest did not die of cholera, but because he ate arsenic by mistake."

In sheer malice I had drawn a bow at a venture. It certainly seemed as if my random shaft hit the mark. All the good humour left the anchorite's face. He sprang to his

feet, seized his iron-shod staff, and for a moment I thought he would have struck me with it. "Nay, Bhatji," I spoke soothingly to him, "be not angry. I did but jest." But he was not to be cajoled. The pleasant garrulity had gone not to return. Just then he spied another likely boatload of pilgrims crossing the Bhima. He picked up his begging bowl, threw away his cigar-end, and growling under his breath, "Aanakhi gappa marayala mala kahi vel nahi" (I have no more time to waste gossiping here), he strode off towards his predestined prey. A minute or two later I heard his voice raised as before, half threatening, half whining—

"Alms, alms! In the name of God, give me alms!"

BEFORE THE UNION: GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

BEFORE the rise of Grattan's Parliament the administration of Ireland was controlled from England. Owing to the frequent absence of the Lord Lieutenant, usually it was in the hands of the Lords Justices, who commonly were the Archbishop of Armagh, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, who ran it largely for their own benefit. The English authorities intervened chiefly to make raids for their followers on the Irish treasury, or to fill up Irish appointments with English derelicts. Many of the Judges were Englishmen whose chief qualifications for the seat of justice were their families or their follies: it was a Bar saying about one of them that he was of so kindly a disposition that he never passed sentence on a prisoner without "a drop in his eye." Many of the Bishops were Englishmen who by character or intellect were better fitted for bagnios or Bedlam than bishoprics. As for the Lord Lieutenants, what the public thought of them may be gathered from Sir Hercules Langrishe's reply to one who asked why his predecessors had never drained a swamp in Phoenix Park: "Well, ye see," replied Sir Hercules, "they hadn't time; they were

so busy draining the rest of the country."

The Irish Parliament was the mere phantom of a living Parliament. Collectively, it had no control over the administration of the country, though individually its members, as local magistrates and grand jurors, had a great deal too much. The Parliament of Great Britain was entitled, under the Declaratory Act, to legislate for Ireland without its consent; and it, by Poyning's Act, was not entitled to do so without the consent of the English Privy Council. It did not wield the power of the purse, since the hereditary revenues of the Crown were more, and, if they had been honestly collected, much more than enough to provide for all the needs of the Government. The Judges did not hold their seats at its will, but at the will of the Crown; and the Army was not subject to its Mutiny Act, but to the Mutiny Act of the British Parliament.

Probably, however, it possessed just as much authority as its constitution entitled it to claim. The House of Lords was dominated by the Bishops, all, of course, nominees of the Crown. The House of Commons consisted of three hundred members, all supposed to be elected by the people. At

the utmost stretch not more than eighty of them could be said to be so elected: that is, the sixty-four members representing the thirty-two counties, the fourteen representing the seven cities, and the two representing the University. The two hundred and twenty remaining were returned by one hundred and ten small boroughs, twenty-five of which contained less than ten electors each.¹ Grattan, when he turned reformer, declared truthfully enough that two-thirds of the representation in the country was private property, and treated as such by the owners of the land on which the boroughs were situated. It was openly and freely sold when the owner had no relative or friend whom he wished to nominate.

Nevertheless there were two parties in this phantasm Parliament—the Government and the Patriot. The Patriot party no doubt objected to many laws and proceedings which harassed the Protestant interest in the country: nobody, of course, ever thought of the Catholics, who were the vast bulk of the nation. They objected to the trammels imposed on trade, the perversion of Irish revenue for English pensions, and above all, to the most profitable places in Ireland being filled from England. But still, for practical purposes, the chief

difference between the parties was this, that the Government party were the party who had the jobs and the Patriot party were the party that wanted them. When a Patriot got a job he changed his party. That is what their brilliant leader, Henry Flood, did.

But it mattered little what the objects of the Patriot party were: they could accomplish nothing. They had nothing whatever behind them—neither the support of physical force nor that of popular opinion. All of a sudden a change foreseen by none gave them both.

The American Colonies were in revolt against English rule, and France had come to the aid of the Colonists—a suicidal policy on the part of the French monarchy, much like the recent policy of the Russian autocracy in joining the free English and French in the overthrow of the fellow-autocracy in Germany. England, sorely pressed as she was, withdrew all her soldiers from Ireland for service in the war. Then, to the consternation of the Government, Paul Jones appeared in Belfast Lough, sank the solitary guardship there, and threatened to raid Belfast. As the Government could not protect them, the Ulstermen, as their custom is, resolved to protect themselves. Thus originated the first Ulster Volunteers.

The Scottish were the first

¹ Even boroughs of reasonable size had no real share in electing their members. Belfast's M.P.'s, when there were 15,000 inhabitants in the borough, were elected by twelve persons under the direction of the Marquis of Donegall.

and the readiest to take to arms. Before a year was out there were tens of thousands of them, led by their own elected officers and fully trained and equipped as soldiers. All danger of a French or American invasion was now at an end, so the Volunteers began to think of other things. They were far from being satisfied with the way the country was governed, and they determined to alter its government. They held a Convention at a Presbyterian meeting-house at Dungannon, in county Tyrone, and after much discussion, settled their policy. That, put shortly, was free trade and an independent Parliament for Ireland. Grattan, now the successor to Flood in the leadership of the Patriot party, saw his chance and took it. With the streets of Dublin lined with Volunteers with fixed bayonets, and cannon ready to fire, he moved in the Dublin Parliament the resolution that Ireland was an independent nation distinct from Great Britain, and was subject only to the laws made by her own King, Lords, and Commons, and the resolution was carried unanimously. The British Government had no force in Ireland, or for that matter in England, to cope with the Volunteers, and so there was nothing else for it to do but acquiesce. Poynings Law and the Declaratory Act were repealed, Ireland was granted free trade, the Irish Judges were made irremovable, except on petition of the Irish Parlia-

ment, and an Irish Mutiny Act was passed. The Patriot party announced that the millennium had arrived; and the whole Irish nation rejoiced to think that a body of Irish gentlemen, who represented nobody but themselves, would henceforth have unlimited powers of making laws for it.

The Irish Patriots—with a few exceptions—now declared their gratitude for the concessions made so readily by the Parliament of Great Britain. This was the first of the many unions of hearts between the two islands. A hundred years later a Liberal Minister, discoursing on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, announced another: "The Liberal Ministry," he said, "resolved to knit the hearts of the Empire together into one harmonious concord, and knit they were accordingly." That union of hearts was followed by the Parnellite movement. The late Liberal Government caused another union of hearts by passing its latest and most up-to-date Home Rule Act (which Mr Lloyd George, one of its sponsors, now admits that nobody in Ireland or elsewhere wants); and that was followed by the Sinn Féin movement. Now a new union of hearts is about to be proposed by the undaunted Mr Lloyd George. I wonder what it will be followed by?

All the Irish M.P.'s were perfectly delighted with their Independent Parliament. Of course the real government of the country remained in the

hands of the Lord Lieutenant, who came and went with the British Government who appointed him. But the Independent Parliament became the very best debating society the world has ever seen. To the gentry of Ireland and their ladies its meetings were soon a far greater attraction than the play. Time after time they deserted their favourite actors in Smock Alley or Fishamble Street to listen to their favourite orators in College Green—and in this they showed their good taste, for the orators gave not merely a more intellectual, but a more entertaining performance than the actors.

Then, besides the orators, there were the wits and the buffoons, who afforded the comic relief to the rhetoric of the orators. The chief wit was also one of the chief orators—Curran. The chief beyond question of the buffoons was Sir Boyle Roche. The two were on opposite sides, for the old parties soon had revived; and in the rencontres between them I am not sure that the buffoon did not come off best. Nothing could be neater than his comment on Curran's declaration that he himself was the guardian of his own honour. "I congratulate the honourable member on the nice little sinecure he holds." Curran perhaps got his own back when Sir Boyle boasted that the great Sir John Cave had given him his eldest daughter in marriage. "And I'm sure, Sir Boyle," said Curran gravely,

"if he had an older one he would have given you her." That high-born wife was, according to all accounts, not entirely a blessing to Sir Boyle. She was by way of being a blue-stocking; and, thinking that the best training for a public man was a thorough knowledge of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' she insisted on Sir Boyle reading it from cover to cover. Sir Boyle never forget this ordeal, and ever afterwards, when in his cups, would startle his companions occasionally by bursting into a long series of oaths against historians in general and Gibben in particular.

It cannot be denied that if the chief purpose of a national Parliament is to develop the oratorical powers of a nation, Grattan's Parliament fully discharged it. Grattan himself, Hussey Brugh, Bushe, Curran, and perhaps above all, Plunkett—to mention only the greatest—are among the British orators who are fit to rank with the greatest of those of ancient Greece and Rome. And they were real speakers, who fascinated their hearers while they spoke, not deliverers of delightful but dull literary essays like Burke, who was called the dinner-bell of the House of Commons. Few of these Irish orators were after the Union heard in the British House of Commons. Grattan and Plunkett, however, were; and it preferred, as might have been expected, the severity, restraint, and

cold passion of the Ulsterman. Years after Plunkett's death, his oratory was in the House of Commons the test applied by old members to the speeches of all who struggled to be great. After his first Reform speech, as Sir George Trevelyan tells, "Macaulay overheard with delight a knot of old members illustrating their criticisms by recollections of Lord Plunkett. He had reason to be pleased, for he had been thought worthy of the compliment which the judgment of Parliament reserves for a supreme occasion. In 1866, on the second reading of the Franchise Bill, when the crowning oration of that memorable debate had come to its close amidst a tempest of applause, one or two veterans of the lobby, forgetting Macaulay on Reform—forgetting, it may be, Mr Gladstone himself on the Conservative Budget of 1852—pronounced, amidst the willing assent of a younger generation, that there had been nothing like it since Plunkett."

I think the old veterans must have been comparing the two orators by contrast, for there could be nothing more unlike than the terse sentences of Plunkett, in which an unnecessary word never appeared, and the verbose eloquence of Gladstone.

One point on which the orators of Grattan's Parliament far outshone the lights of eloquence in other spheres, was in most ferocious personal abuse of their political oppon-

ents. Indeed of all their forms of eloquence, vituperation, I think, ranks first. I doubt if any orator ever surpassed Grattan himself in this accomplishment. His assaults on Flood and Egan are perhaps the best known, but I prefer to cite that shorter one not known so well and not delivered in the House, in which he expressed his opinion of the man who ventured to question his right to vote for Sir Jonah Barrington, when that gentleman was a candidate for Dublin.

The objector was a person called John Giffard. He was, as Barrington admits, a most amiable and worthy man in private life, and a man, moreover, who never feared any danger. He was, however, a furious partisan of the Government, and a hater beyond expression of Romanists and rebels, which hatred no doubt had been aggravated before the time Grattan assailed him by the fact that one of his sons had been murdered in cold blood in a rising in Kildare.

This is how Grattan received the objection to his vote:—

"Mr Sheriff, when I observe the quarter whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made. It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigoted agitator! In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward! And so

obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."¹

Notwithstanding these little tiffs, which occasionally led to an exchange of bullets, the members of Grattan's Parliament lived a very jovial life, in the best possible terms privately with one another. Sir Jonah Barrington, in telling of his admission to the House, unconsciously shows the state of things among them. When he was returned for a family borough he says he had not made up his mind which party to join—apparently it never crossed his mind that such a thing in the least degree concerned his "electors." He seems to have liked the Patriots best, and dined by preference with them; but, on consideration, he thought there was so much Parliamentary talent among them that if he joined them he would count for nothing. On the Government side it was different: there he thought he might make something of a show; and besides, he adds, that was the side which had the preferment. So he made up his mind, after mature and long deliberation; and, having done so, at once went down to the House and made a violent attack on Grattan. It created something of a sensation, and Grattan, who seemed pleased with the

display, did not reply. Barrington's judgment was soon justified. Though still very young, he was given a fat sinecure, and was made at the same time a K.C., and so soon secured the leadership of his circuit.

But if the members of Grattan's Parliament were well pleased with themselves, there were very few other people, either in Ireland or in England, pleased with them. The first people to show this were their old friends the Volunteers. Having by their arms established an Independent Parliament, they shortly began to think that it would be a good thing by the same means to reform it and make it somewhat representative, at any rate of the Protestants of the kingdom. Accordingly they marched once more to Dublin, and once more lined the streets with fixed bayonets and cannon ready to fire. They held a Convention at the Rotunda, and approved of a Bill of Reform. Henry Flood, anxious to outdo Grattan as a patriot, carried it to the House and there proposed it. Grattan fiercely opposed it. It was well enough for the Volunteers to coerce the British Government into making Parliament independent, but it was monstrous that they should attempt to coerce that Parliament into making itself representative. The House followed his lead

¹ The man so denounced was the grandfather of the most distinguished figure existing to-day among English lawyers, the venerable Hardinge Giffard, Earl of Halsbury, ex-Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

and rejected the Bill by two to one.

The Volunteers hesitated. Their leaders were divided, and some of themselves were cool. Besides, the American War was now over and the British Army returned home. The Volunteers thought, on the whole, it was not advisable to push things to extremities. They returned home, and the bulk of them ceased from that moment to feel anything but scorn and contempt for Grattan's Parliament; and, though it took years for it to come, the rebellion in favour of an independent Irish republic was already in sight. The late Lord Kitchener was born in Kerry, and like all men brought up in Ireland did not forget history. Is it possible he was thinking of the Irish Volunteers of the eighteenth, when he refused to consent to the arming of the Irish Volunteers of the twentieth century?

By a most foolish act Grattan's Parliament, on Grattan's motion, contrived to make itself equally disliked in England. When King George III. became insane, Pitt declared, in consonance with all precedent, that it was the right of the Parliament of England to determine who should be chosen Regent in his stead, and to fix the bounds of his authority. Fox, who regarded the Prince of Wales as a member of his party, maintained, against all precedent, that the Prince was entitled by the Constitution to be Regent

without the sanction of Parliament. Pitt's contention prevailed, and Fox turned to his friend Grattan for assistance. Grattan induced his Parliament to declare in Fox's sense. The Irish Government refused to transmit the House's resolution to the Prince, and the House appointed a deputation to convey it to him. By the time the deputation had reached London the King had recovered, and resumed his regal powers. But he was furious with the Irish Patriots, and henceforward, in his obstinate narrow-minded way, everything the Patriots advocated he abhorred, and probably from that day dates his invincible antipathy to Catholic Emancipation. Moreover, Pitt was appalled by Grattan's folly. If the Irish Parliament could choose for itself its own Regent, why could it not choose its own King? From that day he was resolved that, when the chance came, he would put an end to all danger of that. Again, though it was years before it came about, the Act of Union was already in sight.

Upon this state of things suddenly burst the French Revolution. The effect on Ireland was immediate. The Ulster republicans saw in it the dawn of human freedom. At the instigation of that most remarkable man, Theobald Wolfe Tone, they established the Society of United Irishmen, banded by secret oath together to secure an independent Irish republic

based on the suffrages of all Irishmen. The Catholics of the South saw in it another case of England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity. They joined up with the Ulster United Irishmen, but Wolfe Tone had very little confidence in them or their resolution. As for the landed gentry and the Irish Parliament, they saw the guillotine set up in College Green, and their heads sneezing into the basket, as were then doing the heads of the aristocrats and others in Paris. They immediately set about arming their dependants, and such of their tenantry as they could trust, and turning them into corps of undisciplined yeomanry. These were let loose over the country to search out sedition, and, as might be expected, they did a great deal more. In a year or two the country became a perfect hell of unspeakable horror. This was Grattan's Parliament's contribution to respect for human life and property in Ireland.

Grattan protested. His protest was received with jeers and insults. Broken-hearted, he retired altogether from his own Parliament.

Wolfe Tone had meanwhile found his way to France. There he worked wisely and unceasingly to interest the French Government in Irish affairs, and to secure for the Irish republicans the support of a French army of invasion. One man he did get interested, General Hoche.

General Hoche is the only Continental soldier, sailor, or statesman who ever realised what the Tudors realised so soon, that Ireland is the Achilles heel of Great Britain. Napoleon himself could not be got to see it, and wasted an army in Egypt trying to outflank Europe, which, if landed in Ireland, would have changed the fate of the world. Afterwards in St Helena he regretted bitterly his blindness. But Hoche saw clearly that if France held Ireland she could cut Great Britain off from the world; and he urged on the French Government an invasion, and offered himself to lead it. His proposals were accepted, and with forty-two ships and some nineteen thousand picked soldiers he set sail for Bantry Bay.

England is queen of the ocean, and even when she fails to act her part the winds of the ocean loyally protect her. It was so in the time of the Armada, and it was so in the Revolution of 1688: and now it was to be so again. After leaving Brest a sea mist led to a dispersion of the French flotilla, and when it reached Bantry Bay some seven ships were missing, including the ship which carried General Hoche. Grouchy was next in command. He for days lay in Bantry Bay, uncertain what to do, and hoping that Hoche would shortly arrive to take the responsibility for action. Meanwhile there was no British Navy on the sea

or British Army on the land: Ireland lay at his mercy. At last a great gale from the shore sprang up, and landing became impossible. Grouchy sailed away and brought his soldiers back to France, as years after he brought his soldiers back to France after Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo.

It is a point worth notice, that on two occasions when the fate of not merely England but the world was in the balance, the overprudence of this man helped to make his own end of the scales kick the beam. England has reason to be grateful to Grouchy.

I will say nothing of the rebellion, which was on both sides a mere succession of horrors, except this, that from the moment it broke out the fate of Grattan's Parliament was settled. The system of divided government between the English Ministry in London and the Irish Parliament in Dublin had landed Ireland in ruin. Men able to see recognised that one of two modes of managing the country's affairs was alone possible—complete administration and legislation must reside in one authority: the only question was whether that authority should be an Irish Republic or a United Parliament. The Ulster republicans saw this: they had tried for an Irish Republic and failed; they now accepted the United Parliament. The Catholics of the South saw it, and they, in hopes of better times, accepted

a United Parliament. The only classes who would not see it were the Parliamentarians themselves and the tradesmen of Dublin, who benefited by an Irish Parliament, and some of the landowners, who saw that once the Union was carried their local importance would diminish.

The means adopted to carry the Union have been fiercely denounced. They were just the same means as were adopted to carry anything else in Grattan's Parliament—bribery. The compensation granted to the patrons of rotten boroughs has also been reviled. I cannot myself see that it was worse to buy a rotten borough in order to extinguish its representation than to buy it in order to represent it; and such seats were openly bought and sold from the first day of Grattan's Parliament to the last: Grattan himself bought one for the purpose of entering the House in order to register his protest against the Union. That the Union did not bring immediately Catholic emancipation and the other benefits to the Irish people which its promoters hoped for was not due to them, but rather to those Patriots who, by their folly, had inflamed King George's mind against them and everything they sought.

I have no doubt that in spite of all the talk of corruption, many of those who voted for or against the Union acted from the highest motives. One man's action has always struck me as pathetic. The

man was that Egan whom Grattan had roasted in such burning language that for long afterwards in every club and dining-room in Dublin a grilled sole came to be called an Egan. Egan had at one time an immense practice at the Bar, but long before the Union debates it had quite disappeared, and his sole means of subsistence was the Chairmanship of Kilmainham. Egan was violently adverse to the Union, but he knew if he spoke against it in the House his dismissal from the Chairmanship would follow. He listened to the

debate as long as he could in silence. At last, springing to his feet, he denounced the Union and everybody who supported it. When he had exhausted his fury he looked round the House, and then, before resuming his seat, he raised his hand above his head and cried out, "Long live Ireland, and to hell with Kilmainham!"

After the Union he was found one morning dead in his poor lodgings. All he possessed in the world lay on the mantelpiece. It consisted of three shillings.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE KAISER'S TRIAL—A FIGUREHEAD FOR GERMANY—THE LIST OF WAR CRIMINALS—"THE BRILLIANT AMATEUR"—OUR RUSSIAN IMPOLICY—SALVATION BY TRADE—MR BALFOUR UPON PRINCIPLE—MORALS OR PRACTICE?—THE FORMULA OF LIBERTY—PRINCIPLE OUR BUCKLER—MR ASQUITH'S VERSATILITY—MR GEORGE AND NATIONALISATION.

If there are those who still believe that a democracy can manage the foreign affairs of an Empire with intelligence or dignity, the treatment of the German war criminals will bring them to a rough awakening. That this delicate piece of policy should have been handled wisely was impossible, as soon as ever Mr George had made a solemn duty the common sport of the hustings. The man who would win votes by promising to try the Kaiser did not put too high a value upon his own position.

The only excuse that may be made for him is that he knew, when he promised to bring the Kaiser to trial, that Holland would not give him up. If this excuse be valid, then he is absolved of folly and proved guilty of nothing worse than a monstrous cynicism. Holland, of course, refused to surrender her guest, as we should refuse were we placed in a like situation. How can a nation, which boasts an honourable tradition, connive, in defiance of her own law and practice, at a flagrant piece of injustice? As we have explained before in these pages, if the Kaiser were put on trial in London or elsewhere, he would be tried for an invented crime, before a tribunal incompetent to try

him, by a law twisted unscrupulously to suit his case. It is not for his sake that we would protest against his being held responsible for Germany's misdeeds. It is for our own, since, if we put him in the dock, we should set ourselves hopelessly in the wrong, and his chance of escape from a ridiculous position would be better than ours.

And even if law and justice were not against us, we should still protest against the trial of the Kaiser. There is no reason why we should act in defiance of all precedents. It is quite easy to leave him alone to cut wood in his Dutch solitude. He does not make a glorious figure where he is; and if left alone he will soon be forgotten, even in the Fatherland. But no sooner shall we lay a hand upon him than all his countrymen will spring to his defence. He will be converted in an hour from a discredited soldier to a national hero. We shall restore to the Germans precisely what they lack — a figurehead of emotion. When the Kaiser fled in fear to Holland, he sacrificed the respect and goodwill of the people which had endured patiently his boastfulness and his stupid-

ity. And what should we get in exchange, besides the votes cast a year ago for Mr George? The contempt of sane men and the loud laughter of posterity.

As it is no part of our business to present Germany with a resuscitated hero, so it is not our business to promote her solidarity by our own folly. That the real war criminals of Germany should be brought to justice all the Allies agree. Thus it was set down in our bond, which was duly accepted and signed by the German representatives. There are certain miscreants who should not escape the gallows. The fiends who deported the wretched girls from Lille, and flung them to the savages, who were their country's hereditary enemies, should not be permitted to live in peace. No mercy should be shown to the ruffians who ill-treated prisoners and captives, or who fired upon drowning men from the security of a submarine. The villains who murdered priests and hostages, who used women and children as screens for their soldiers, who wantonly set fire to peaceful houses and libraries—all these should be asked to pay the last penalty. But those who drew up the list of war criminals seem to have been influenced by a kind of levity. They set at the head of their list the names of all the Hohenzollerns, of Hindenburg, of Ludendorff, of Bethman-Hollweg, of all the leaders in the German empire. Now, this is neither right nor use-

ful. It is the worst policy possible to try to achieve what is beyond your reach, and it needed little reflection to discover that the Germans would not, in any circumstances, surrender their generals and their statesmen. The list, then, was drawn up without forethought, and as soon as it was criticised in the press, Mr George was eager to modify it. Being in small things as in large a mere empiric, living from hand to mouth in perfect contentment, so long as he can keep his majority together, he sent over his emissaries to Paris in hot haste to undo what had been done. The attempt failed. It suggested to the Germans that the Allies were at variance, one with another; it revived in them the old hope, which had supported them in the war, that England and France were quarrelling; and it caused a certain friction, which should never have been, between us and France, the closest and most loyal of our friends. A little care might have avoided all danger, but care and tact are useless against Mr George's autocracy. For many years to come Great Britain will be asked to endure the odium caused by the words and deeds of one who, not overburdened with knowledge or intelligence, has demanded the right to speak and to think for the whole Empire.

The truth is that the politician who believed that Kharkoff was a general and not a town, is still supreme in our Councils. He does whatever he likes, and says the first thing that comes to his ever-changing mind.

The Prime Minister of England, he has absorbed in himself the functions of all the Ministers. He is not merely the mouth-piece of the Cabinet; his colleagues seem to exist merely that they shall register the decrees of this too powerful Minister. He has annexed the direction of Foreign Affairs, a province far beyond his powers or understanding, as though the Secretary of State did not exist. It is not surprising, then, that Lord Salisbury, addressing Lord Curzon, "hoped the noble Earl would insist that his policy was preferred before the policy of that brilliant amateur who was now Prime Minister of England." Lord Salisbury's hope is not likely to be realised. The brilliant amateur will have his way unchecked, and, having embroiled the Europe of which he knows nothing, in permanent warfare, will consider himself free to complete the ruin of Ireland. Unwilling or unable to depute anything to others, he believes himself indispensable not only to the country, but to every department of government, and he permits none to act save as his guess-work bids them.

And Mr George is more dangerous as an autocrat, because his thought is always discontinuous. The need of to-day is for him the heresy of to-morrow. The land and the landlords have never been more bitterly attacked, more heavily penalised, than by Mr George, and when the inevitable happens he cannot conceal his distress. "Uneasiness," we

are told in the King's Speech, "has been caused by the unprecedented sale of landed property since the war. Measures will accordingly be proposed to mitigate any hardship which this operation may cause to the occupier, and to stimulate and develop the production of essential foodstuffs within the United Kingdom." Mr George, as usual, wants to have it both ways. For many years he has done his best to throw discredit upon the landowners. There are few crimes with which he has not charged them, and he (and his friends) have succeeded in making the very honourable office, which the landlords have discharged for centuries, at once uncomfortable and unprofitable. It may be supposed that his object was to break up the big estates. Well, he has broken them up, and now he is uneasy. The truth is, that neither now nor then did he have any clear policy. To-day he is actuated by fear, as in those brave days when he proudly compared "souls" and "sods" he was influenced only by the passion of popularity.

But it is Russia which has given him the best opportunity of displaying his kaleidoscopic talent. He has held about Russia every possible opinion, and generally several opinions at once. Nobody can tell from his speeches whether he is Red or White, Bolshevik or anti-Bolshevik. We only know that, though he promised publicly no new policy should be initiated in Russia without

consulting the House of Commons, policy follows policy without any consultation whatever. To-day he is in his favourite attitude, dancing upon two tubs at once. His retrospect is meaningless, is based upon no knowledge of the facts, and need not trouble us. His present plan is to condemn Bolshevism on the one hand, and to trade with the Bolsheviks on the other. "The horrors of Bolshevism," he says, "have revolted the consciences of mankind. Plunder, which is part of their policy, is condemned by every one in every civilised land." It is not condemned by Mr Lansbury, who has been furnished by the Government with passports, that he may visit his friends Lenin and Trotsky. But the horrors and plunder of Bolshevism cannot be stopped, says Mr George, though he omits to say that if it had not been for Mr George they might have been stopped. Meantime our autocrat is of opinion that we cannot make peace with the Bolsheviks. "The first objection to peace is this: Until you receive assurances—I do not mean verbal assurances, but assurances from observation and experience—that the government which is in control of Russia has dropped the methods of barbarism, and that it is governed by civilised means, there is no civilised community in the world which will be prepared to make direct peace." "What," asks Mr George, "is the only course left? We have failed to restore Russia to sanity by force. I

believe we can do it and save her by trade. Commerce has a sobering influence in its operations. The simple sums in addition and subtraction which it inculcates soon dispose of wild theories." What nonsense is this! What shall become of an Empire governed by this reckless rhetorician? The Bolsheviks have murdered, and robbed, and tortured. They have killed British citizens, including Captain Cromie, whom we were bound to protect, and we have done nothing. And now we will trade with them through co-operative societies! Mr George is not quite so simple as his speech would represent him. He knows that the co-operative societies are a piece of humbug, that in trading with Russia we shall help not the honest men, but the monsters, whose policy is rapine and murder. What says Trotsky about it? He cares not a jot about trading with Mr Lloyd George. He is far too busy dragooning the Christians who have fallen beneath the cruelty of his Jewish rule. "All artisans," says he, "will be sent into the works, and transferred from one place to another, according to the indications of the Government. We will have no pity for the peasants; we will make labour armies of them with military discipline, and communists as their chiefs. These armies will go forth among the peasants to gather corn, meat, and fish that the work of the workmen may be assured." That is the kind of man that Mr George hopes to

sober with a little trade. He might as well try to tame a vulture by putting salt upon his tail.

Mr George's policy is, of course, a mere makeshift. He does not know what Russia has to send us, or what she wants us to send her in exchange. He is merely playing blind hookey with criminals, and will probably be told in the end that the Russians prefer a policy of protection, and have no desire for our English goods. So he will fail in fighting anarchy with abundance, and will have lowered immeasurably the prestige of Great Britain. Never before have we surrendered to an enemy, at the solicitation of such a man as Litvinoff, the Jew, and with no better excuses than greed and a fear of the Labour Party. Why does Mr George persist in dragging the country into a pit of disgrace? Because he is a politician devoid of principle. He is like a priest without a creed, a boat without a rudder. He knows not whither he is drifting nor what direction he will take. He does know that he will stay in office, if he can, and that in all that he does or proposes he will conciliate the largest possible number of voters. We would not tie any man down to a hard consistency, but Mr George, who knows not from hour to hour what he will think or do, breaks all the rules. That he will always find politicians to palliate his offence is probable. Politicians are faithful in the worship of their chosen goddess, Oppor-

tunity, and yet even they might be persuaded by a casual study of history to believe that no man ever worthily served his country who did not adhere honourably to certain moral principles, who was not loyal to the faith that was in him.

We do not suppose that Mr George, in making up his mind to which new outrage he shall commit the country, has ever asked himself the question: Is the action which I propose just and right? What he inquires into most sedulously is expediency. He will excite himself into a fury of enthusiasm about an impossible programme, such as his famous (or infamous) Budget, or Prinkipo, and then drop it without a murmur. The grotesque humbug of the "refreshing fruit" was long ago exposed. The expensive valuations, which were to enrich the working classes at no cost at all, have been quietly dropped, and Mr George is indifferent. He clings to no plan a day later than it is able to attract votes, and he is a living proof that success in politics has nothing to do with morals or understanding. Mr George has succeeded in politics. That is to say, he is in office, and he hopes to remain there. He has not succeeded in statesmanship, for he has postponed the settlement of all the questions which vex us at home and abroad; he has convinced the country—not a difficult enterprise—that none of his opinions are held with sincerity; and were his dangerous gift of rhetoric

stripped away, there would be nothing left in him wherewith to attach a single voter.

His weakness, as we have said, is due wholly and solely to lack of principle, without which no politician can serve his country, however well he may serve himself. Nor did Mr Balfour put the country under an obligation of gratitude when, in order to defend the Coalition, he made light of what is called principle in politics. "We were very apt to misuse the word principle," he said. "He supposed that if they came to look into it, what was meant by principle was some brief statement of a view of a general method of dealing with a situation. It was not a case of morals; it was a case of practice." We cannot agree with so easy a surrender. Principle is a matter of morals, and is much more than the brief statement of a view. It has nothing to do with coalitions or other governments. Even if the prosperity of the Empire depended at this moment on the maintenance of a coalition, even if certain politicians were asked to accept a policy of which they disapproved, principle would not be dead,—it would be merely in abeyance. For principle means good faith, honour, loyalty to oneself and others, and if it be dismissed as a piece of practice, then there is an end of morality in politics.

Principle, on the contrary, seems to us to be a strongly held conviction, for which a martyr would go to the stake. The Union of Great Britain

and Ireland, the sanctity of an established Church, the inviolability of private property—these are principles which cannot be justly defined as "short formulæ embodying the general view they took of the way in which certain problems ought to be dealt with." They are matters of faith and of morals. Those who believe in them would fight for them unto the end, and accept defeat only on compulsion. To all promises of office and power, conditional upon the surrender of principles, our honest statesman would return an angry refusal. He would not set his own prosperity, or a prospect of a transitory alliance, against the faith which he holds simply and stoutly. For many years Mr Balfour has fought eagerly against the disruption of the kingdom. The war has, as we believe, emphasised the absolute necessity of the Union. If Pitt had not made it, it would be our duty to invent it. And what the war has shown to be necessary, Sinn Féin's policy of assassination has proved inevitably right. Unless we desert our principle, we shall oppose Mr George's fantastic policy of Home Rule; and if Mr Balfour, in fear of division, submits to what he has always denounced as an outrage, he is guilty of a failure not in practice but in morals. He votes for what he has always believed to be wrong, and unless we can accept the theory of a sudden conversion, we must suppose that he has made a compromise

with his conscience, and has proved by a piece of sophistry the worse to be the better cause.

He himself put a case to which he thought none would demur. "I yield to no man in his love of liberty," he said. "That is my short formula." But that short formula is essentially a case of morals. It is not a case of practice. We do not know what Mr Balfour means by liberty. We have never seen a sane definition of that which we all desire and very few of us attain. To the politicians "liberty" means the right to spoil a voting-paper. And if that be liberty, it is a boon which nobody hankers after, since the women of England proved their right to citizenship by burning churches. But there are other kinds of liberty, which all wise men desire—the liberty to live and grow according to their temperament, the liberty to think as they would. Now here is a test for Mr Balfour. He desires liberty—that is his short formula. Suppose the politicians, with whom for the moment he acts, tell him that liberty is a very small thing compared with something else. Suppose they suggest that, in their eagerness to trade with the Bolsheviks, they are indifferent to the fact that the Bolsheviks have everywhere suppressed liberty—not merely the liberty to vote, which nobody cares a jot about, but the liberty to think—would he be content with the "short formula," and let the rest go?

For there is a time when even the politician must make up his mind. Mr Balfour loves liberty—that is his short formula. Mr George finds that liberty is inconvenient in Russia and elsewhere. How is Mr Balfour going to make up his mind? If we may believe what he said in the City of London, he will cheerfully bid farewell to liberty, or to anything else that he prizes. "He held with very strong conviction," so he said, "that it was a great mistake, and very little in the public interest, to try to make what were called principles into propositions or judgments, which did not unite men, but separated them." Well, then, what becomes of liberty? The idea of liberty is an idea which separates, and does not unite. Some there are who believe that Lenin is an apostle of liberty. Others see in him the pitiless destroyer of liberty. The moment must come when you make up your mind whether you will help Lenin and his kind, or leave them to their fate. Is it morals, or is it practice? And if you love liberty, can you drive, by your own act of approval, the poor wretched Russians deeper into the pit of slavery?

How far Mr Balfour's argument will carry him we do not know, because we have no means of matching his indifference (let us say) against his love of liberty. He is acting with men who care far less about liberty than about office, with men quite ready to play the game of those who are enslaving Russia.

The answer of Tchitcherin, the Jew, to Mr George, is lucid and complete. He agrees with our autocrat and Mr Balfour that politics has nothing to do with morality. "England," he says over the wireless, "represents to-day the cream of capitalist society, endowed with a vast horizon and vast perspectives. English policy is dictated by considerations of world-policy, by the interests of capitalist society, as a whole and in relation to the social revolution now in process of development. The capitalist circles which direct English policy are the classic home of compromise. They have raised to the pitch of perfection the art of understanding new historical forces in course of development, and of finding compromises to neutralise their effect. Lloyd George's saying that the best weapon against Bolshevism is bread, is the most profound formula of this English tendency to compromise." In these words the Jew preaches the doctrine, pure and undefiled, of cynicism. He believes (or pretends to believe) that England's cynicism will give him all that he asks. He envisages Mr George as a man without opinions, without indignation, without a sense of justice. He envisages him correctly enough. And now, since Mr Balfour's pronouncement upon principle, we are bound to confess that if he includes Mr Balfour in his argument with Mr George, he does him no injustice.

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Nevertheless, though our leaders of to-day sneer at principle, it is upon principle, and not upon compromise, that the greatness of our Empire has been established. The history of England is the history of adherence to principle. Mr Balfour's easy-going compliance with his colleagues, his eager desire of union rather than separation, would not have won the victory of freedom. Whatever we have achieved, we have achieved through men who were unwilling to sacrifice what they thought was right to what they knew to be expedient. Had all our politicians been opportunists after the approved model, then many centuries ago should we have fallen victims to the foreigner. It was not the hope of union unsanctified which drove Simon de Montfort upon his heroic course. The men of Elizabeth's reign, who founded our Empire overseas, would not have achieved what they did if they had not had faith in the truth of their principle. Without this faith their courage and energy would have been of no effect. Wherever you look, it is principle, right or wrong, which has saved us, and they do the cause of England a grave disservice who set practice high above morals.

When the younger Pitt set himself to fight an armed opinion, he undertook the heavy task because he knew that the triumph of that opinion meant the ruin of Europe. Having undertaken the task, he sustained its

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burden for twenty years, because he was an idealist who would not sacrifice his faith to his comfort. If he had thought principle was "a short formula embodying the general view," then revolution would have swallowed up our island, and there would be no Mr George, nor Mr Balfour either, to extol upon a public platform the virtues of opportunism. It was the principle of Pitt which in the end destroyed Napoleon, the greatest autocrat who ever threatened the liberties of Europe; and it was the principle of the English people, which in spite of its politicians destroyed the less amiable autocrat, William II. Principle, then, and principle alone, is our buckler, and if we agree with Mr Balfour in making light of it, there will speedily be an end of Great Britain and her Empire.

Even for the politician's own sake, we would advise him to cling to his principles, to depose cunning from the throne of sovereignty, to recognise that in the end even office comes to those who have faith. In politics, also, it is true that he who would save his soul will lose it. Who is it that would envy the reputation which posterity will accord to Mr George or to Mr Asquith? Here are two men, will say our grandchildren, to whom were given many gifts—the gifts of leadership and persuasion. And, because they lacked principle, they lacked everything. There were few faiths which they did not

pick up and discard: there was not a single faith to which either of them was wholeheartedly loyal. To run through the career of Mr Asquith is to mark how an ambitious placeman accommodates himself to the requirements of the moment. There is scarce a statement that ever he made which he has not contradicted. His opinion about Home Rule has varied with his majority. He has talked about debts of honour, and never thought of paying them. He has been an anti-suffragette, and when it seemed useful has gone beyond the intention even of the suffragettes. He has declared publicly that if ever conscription were passed, it would be under another Minister than himself, and he has passed conscription. There is nothing that he has not willingly embraced in the course of his political career, except principle; and even Mr Balfour, if he reviews the life of his contemporary, will deplore that ever he thought the word principle commonly misused.

As for Mr George, he is far more remote even than Mr Asquith from a sincerely held opinion. He has cherished and expounded many noisy sentiments. As far as we know, he has never held a settled opinion about anything. He has wandered earnestly from Newcastle to Limehouse, from Limehouse to Bedford, from Bedford to Paris in search of votes. And seldom has he expounded the same gospel twice. The reason is plain enough: having no

principles, he has allowed his audience, wherever it might be, to make his speech for him. The result is that he speaks in vain. Nobody will trouble to remember very carefully what he says. There is no subject upon which his opinion may be confidently defined. He may speak as often as he pleases in or out of the House of Commons, and he will find listeners and not believers. Not that he is not dogmatic. For the moment he can express himself as strongly as anybody. But what he says is soon forgotten, since the sense as well as the words is carried away instantly by the breeze. In other words, he seems to be an ideal leader of a coalition so long as he can hold it together by relying upon the good tempers and the short memories of its members.

Not long since a zealous member of the Coalition was asked by his constituents, who should have known better than to ask, what were his opinions about current politics. It was put to him kindly and firmly that the time might come when he would be asked to compose an address to his electors. What would he say? He replied frankly that he did not know. It was impossible, said he, to make up his mind until the last moment. "I cannot tell," he murmured plaintively, "what Mr George, my revered leader, thinks. Probably he does not know himself." Such is the pit into which our politicians, stripped of principle, have fallen, and

we may ask in all sincerity whether their detachment from political thought has justified itself. To take a single instance: Mr George recently made a speech upon what we are all interested in—the nationalisation of the mines. It was a good speech, and might from another have been deemed a brave speech. Mr George faced the black-mailers with spirit, and replied to their arguments, such as they were, with a cogent lucidity. And what is the result of it all? Everybody takes it for what it is worth—as the expression of a momentary opinion, and everybody knows that, if the majority against the project had not been as large as it was—329 to 64—Mr George would have spoken in a very different sense.

Yet nationalisation is a subject which should be tackled with the utmost seriousness. If all the enterprises of the country are placed in the hands of the Government, then we know perfectly well that ruin, speedy and irretrievable, will overtake us. For nationalisation means bureaucracy; and we have seen in Russia, as in our own country, what bureaucracy can achieve. The apostles of nationalisation, who treat the matter as a kind of religion, and who do not condescend from threat and assertion to argument, pretend that they can win their game and yet escape the perils of bureaucracy. When they are able to check their fanaticism they will know that they are

wrong. In the meantime, they rely upon threats. "The Government might prepare machine-guns and tanks," said a gentleman called Lunn, "with which to fight the miners and other workers who came out on strike. That would not affect the matter at all. The fight would go on, because they intended the mines should be nationalised." Hoity-toity! This is the tone which Lenin and Trotsky adopt to their dupes and their victims, but the open method of intimidation by a small minority is not yet popular in Great Britain, and Mr Lunn may perhaps be persuaded by the division list that to get nationalisation is not quite so easy as it seems.

The threat of violence was precisely the impetus which Mr George needed, and speaking, as he knew, to an audience of individualists, he had no difficulty in demolishing the internationalisers and their menaces. He argued well and he argued gravely. He exposed the evils of bureaucracy as one who knew and understood. He extolled the incentive of speculation and private ownership. With the greatest eloquence he condemned the evil which the miners, with their threats of violence, are doing to the cause of liberty. Mr Lunn, he says, "is not challenging

nationalisation; he is not challenging committees; he is challenging the whole fabric of free government. Does he say that democracy means that the majority must rule? He says, 'No; if we cannot get a majority, a privileged minority will do.' On that issue we will fight him to the last. This is not a strike for the right of combination; it is establishing a Soviet in the land." All that is perfectly true. Mr George is opposed by a gang of syndicalists, and he has no difficulty in worsting them by argument before a sympathetic audience. But how long will Mr George adhere to the argument which he sets forth now? Suppose he be asked to address a mob which agrees with Mr Lunn? What will his tune be then? He has no rules of life and conduct by which he can be influenced. He is possessed by that dangerous sensitiveness which enables him to know what his hearers would like him to say, and he says it. Wherefore, the battle against nationalisation is not yet won, since it is fought by our one and only leader, Mr George, who may go over to the other side in a moment of crisis. If he does, will Mr Balfour follow him, or will he recognise that principle after all is a case of morals and not of practice?

ON MAKING MORE MONEY.

BY GEORGE HENRY.

I HAVE always been reluctant to approach the subject of Pelmanism from the money-making point of view.

It has ever seemed to me that the Intellectual, Educational, and Social benefits of the System greatly transcend in value the financial benefit to the student—direct and definite as the latter undoubtedly is.

Two facts have combined to urge my thoughts to the consideration of Pelmanism as a money-making factor. The first is to-day's undoubted need for an increase in individual prosperity. The cost of living has arrived at an appalling figure. The prosperous man of pre-war days has become the needy person of to-day. It is no use to rail at conditions, neither does it serve any useful purpose to groan about the burden of high prices. Apparently conditions preclude the lightening of the load, so that the wise thing to do is to increase the earning capacity of the bearer of the burden.

Prosperity after all is not a base ideal for which to battle, because in this work-a-day world of ours it is the golden key which opens the door to most of the good things in life. It is possible to be a happy philosopher with empty pockets, but if the pockets are full the philosopher need be none the less happy.

The second fact that has

forced itself upon my consciousness is the extraordinarily consistent way in which Pelmanism does send the incomes of its students soaring. To look through the daily post of the Pelman Institute is an eye-opening experience in this respect. The very repetition of letters from students reporting increases in salary and profits achieved as a direct result of Pelmanising becomes almost monotonous.

"My salary has increased by 200 per cent," says one writer. "I have gained a 150 per cent increase in my income," says another. A third reports promotion to manager-ship, carrying with it an increase of 100 per cent. A further letter, an enthusiastic eulogy of Pelmanism, tells of a 300 per cent increase in salary, and encloses a graph drawn strictly to scale showing how the salary began to increase soon after the commencement of this Course, increased rapidly, and largely during the Course, and continued to increase at the same rate after the Course.

In the face of such testimony as this, and bearing in mind that prosperity is vital to the nation and the individual, I cannot forbear to impress upon my readers the immediate and far-reaching effect of the study of Pelmanism upon the income-earning power of the student.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I know the effect is immediate, because in my own case the very first lesson in Pelmanism resulted in an idea which more than paid for the whole of the Course. And I find that such is the inspiring effect of Pelmanism from the very commencement that my own experience is a general one. Of course there is no magic about this power of Pelmanism to bring monetary rewards to its students. The simple fact is that the man who goes conscientiously through the Course finds that his mind quickly becomes a more efficient instrument, and whether a man be in industry, profession, or business, mental efficiency is always reflected in the pay roll, the salary list, or pass book.

Moving in a circle largely of business men, I find employers constantly lamenting the fact that the lieutenants of commerce are hard to come by. Said one head of a big concern to me the other day, "Do you know, if I advertise for a clerk at £2 a week, I am deluged with inquiries, but if I insert an advertisement asking for an organiser at £1000 a year, the resulting replies are negligible." Therein lies the reason why the Pelmanist is making himself felt throughout industry and commerce.

The higher up the ladder the more room on the rung. The Pelmanist possesses perhaps no more technical knowledge than the non-Pelmanist, but he gets the promotion or the better position with a big increase of salary because of the extra efficiency, the extra

force of character, the extra self-confidence, and extra initiative and originality which a Course of Pelmanism unfailingly, and even at the very outset, imparts.

In considering the last statement, I would ask the reader to bear in mind that it is supported by the best of all evidence, that is, personal testimony of students.

Before I began to write this article, I gave instructions for eight letters to be picked at random from this morning's mail. They have just been handed to me. Six of these are letters of testimony. I append part of their contents:

A Nurseryman writes:

"Since taking up the Pelman Course I have had much more resource, stronger will-power, more efficient concentration, a more clearly defined purpose in life, and an altogether more efficient memory, to which must be added 100 per cent increase in salary."

A Managing Director writes:

"My income is over £1200 a year more—thanks entirely to the sound practical teaching of Pelmanism."

A Salesman writes:

"The Course has certainly made a new man of me. My salary has increased 40 per cent since completing the instruction. My work always seems to be a pleasure to me, and I do it better and more quickly."

A Sales-Manager writes:

"Since taking the Course I am pleased to be able to say

that I have secured a position as Sales-Manager at an increase of over 50 per cent in salary."

A Colliery Deputy writes:

"An investment in your Course is like borrowing money from your banker, making an interest of 100 per cent, and paying him 5 per cent of the amount.

"Since taking the Course I have had my wages increased by 50 per cent."

An Assistant Master writes:

"The benefit I derived from your Course is wonderful, and I often think and marvel how I managed to get through my work before taking it. My employers have advanced my wages almost 100 per cent since April last."

The above letters are to the huge volume of testimony on Pelmanism as a bucket of water is to a river.

The evidence in the shape of written acknowledgment of the benefits of the Course is so great as to be overwhelming. A whole issue of this Magazine could be filled with Pelmanists' letters of praise.

To the man who feels the need for more money—and his name is legion in these days of high prices—this evidence constitutes a signpost which it is impossible to ignore.

Whether you measure prosperity by mental health, material wealth, or everyday happiness—whether you measure the value of Pelmanism in terms of hard cash, intellectual vigour, or moral strength, you cannot fail to be satisfied with the results of Pelmanising.

All that remains is for you to discover how Pelmanism will prove beneficial to you in your special circumstances. You can find that out by taking advantage of the invitation to investigate which is freely proffered by the Directors of the Pelman Institute.

THE NEW PELMAN COURSE.

Awaited now for many months with great expectation, the New Pelman Course is now ready.

During the War Years Pelmanism did marvellous service.

But with the ending of the war and the activities of men and women taking on a new direction, it was felt that Pelmanism ought to be revised in order that its benefits should be used to the fullest possible advantage in the Productive work of Peace.

Many new and valuable discoveries have been made in the last five years in the science of Psychology, and it was felt imperatively necessary that the results of these discoveries should be embodied in the Course.

It was therefore decided to re-Pelmanise the Pelman Course, and upon this work of revision and adaptation the specialists of the Advisory Board of the Pelman Institute have been engaged.

The result of their efforts is the New (1920) Pelman Course, for which readers can now enrol on special terms.

The New Pelman Course is as great an advance upon the old Pelman Course as the latter was upon its predecessors, and remarkable as were

the results secured by the practice of Pelmanism in the past, it is certain that these results will be greatly exceeded by those who enrol for the 1920 Course.

The Course consists of twelve lessons, which are fully described in 'Mind and Memory,' a copy of which will be sent gratis and post free to every reader who applies to-day.

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION.

Remember in studying Pelmanism you are not simply receiving a set of text-books; you are getting a complete and individual course of instruction in which your personal doubts and difficulties, your personal ambitions and problems, your personal interests, will be studied and met.

The expert staff of the Institute is at all times ready to place its experience and knowledge at your service, either orally or by correspondence, so that you may derive the fullest measure of benefit from the Course. It is this conscientious and constant attention to the individual needs of each student that has made Pelmanism so wonderfully successful and resultful.

HEALTH EXERCISES.

The New Pelman Course includes a complete series of Physical Health Exercises which have been specially contributed by Mr Eustace Miles, the foremost English authority on Physical Culture. No extra charge is made for this valuable feature, which has already proved of the greatest benefit to students.

FREE TO READERS.

Every reader has a great opportunity of learning all about this wonderful system free of charge.

On application, either in person or by postcard (or letter) to-day, you will receive by return, gratis and post free—

- (1) A copy of 'Mind and Memory,' 46th Edition, which contains a full description of the New (1920) Pelman Course, what it is and what it does.
- (2) A copy of the Special Report issued by 'Truth' on the work of the Pelman Institute.
- (3) Information enabling you to enrol for the Course on Special Terms.

This is an opportunity not to be missed by any reader who wishes to "get on" and to increase his or her income and position in life.

Apply to-day to the Pelman Institute, 102 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, and by return you will receive full information about the famous system which has done so much for others, and which will do the same for you.

Readers residing in Scotland, who wish to make personal enquiries are recommended to call at the Pelman Enquiry and Information Bureau, 15 Hanover Street, Edinburgh, where literature and enrolment form can also be obtained.

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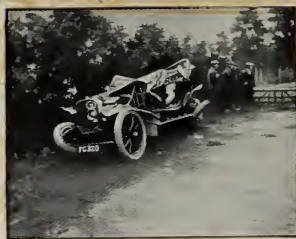
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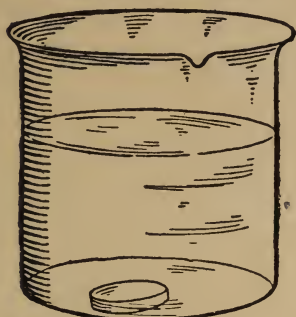
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